

# MORE FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE



*Both in the same 'ole now.*

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oversize

*By*  
Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather



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FRAGMENTS  
FROM FRANCE

*Part V*



Bruce  
Baumfather

MORE  
FRAGMENTS  
FROM FRANCE

(PARTS V-VIII)

BY

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

AUTHOR OF "BULLETS AND BILLETS," "FROM MUD  
TO MUFTI," "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE," ETC.



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
NEW YORK AND LONDON  
The Knickerbocker Press





## INTRODUCTION



WAR carries with it an over-measure of sadness and misery of all kinds. It is, of course, not only the men on the fighting line who suffer from hardship and from wounds and who are ready to meet the final sacrifice of life itself, but the circles of their home folks, the mothers, the sisters, the wives, the loved ones who, if all went right, would become wives, whose anxieties for those on the fighting lines become themselves tragedies.

Any man who, without sacrifice of truth or concealment of perils and troubles which are too real to be made light of, can do something to give to the boys at the front and to the home folks in the rear some diversion from the sadness and the strain, who can make clear that, even in the midst of trouble and on the edge of tragedy, man is in his nature capable of finding in his surroundings and in life itself the sense of humour which serves to lighten the cloud or sadness—such a man is a benefactor in the largest sense of the term.

Captain Bairnsfather has had long practical experience in the fighting line. He has been in the service from the beginning of the War, and for a large part of that time has been actively engaged at the front. The early breaks in his service in the field and in the trenches were caused by the necessity of retiring to hospital for the healing of honourable wounds.

Bairnsfather is evidently a man of such elasticity of temperament that no amount of fatigue, or hardship, or peril, or pain can quench the ebullition of his spirit. With a charming vitality, an exuberant sense of humour, he possesses, fortunately for himself, for his comrades and for the world, the

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imagination of the creative artist. He is gifted also with a dramatic sense and a technical skill that give to his sketches of camp life, of happenings in the trenches, and of the relations of the men with one another, a very real vitality.

Bairnsfather's characters live, and they have come to constitute a most valuable addition to the lives of the artist's comrades.

The young Scotsman began his drawings merely for the amusement of his comrades in the shacks or in the trenches. The first sketches were made on the rough boards of a more-or-less ruined hut, or on the rocks which were dislodged in the digging of the trenches. These sketches were later transcribed for the amusement of the home folks to whom the artist was writing, and were passed from hand to hand in the home circles. One of his pictures Bairnsfather sent to the Editor of "The Bystander," who realized that here was value not only as a work of art, but as a means of inspiration for loyal service and for the cheerful endurance of hardship. These drawings have now become a cheering influence with English-speaking people throughout the world, for all groups of the English race now have their boys and their hearts engaged in this great struggle. The sketches have also been reproduced in connection with French text and with Italian text. Our Allies are surely entitled to secure their share of the fun and the encouragement.

I doubt whether any previous war has produced an artist whose work possesses precisely the Bairnsfather quality. The artist has placed the civilized world in his debt.

In the days of the first Napoleon the great caricaturist, Gilray, produced with the cordial approval of his fellow countrymen portraits of "Boney" under various conditions of success and of failure. "Boney" was, between the years 1805 and 1809, the "Bogey," the terror not only of British

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children, but of the grown folks. Gilray's presentation of Napoleon while characterized by humour, was fiercely bitter, and the general effect alternated between apprehension and contempt. Although different entirely from the work of Gilray, the cartoons of Bruce Bairnsfather have been by eminent soldiers and critics compared with those of the great caricaturist of Napoleonic times. It would be more to the point to compare Gilray with Raemaekers.

Bairnsfather does not deny the brutality of the German, but he does not concern himself with it to any great extent. His task is mainly to show that even on the battle line, life has its humour and trouble has its offsets. He is doing his part in keeping the spirit of the fighting men safe and in good tone for their task.

The original series of Bairnsfather's drawings, together with the later group of designs which will bring the record down to the participation of America in the War, are now made available for American readers. The Bairnsfather creations must find their way to our boys in the trenches, and they should help also to bring cheer to the home-circles which are giving their boys to the Cause, the world's fight against Barbarism.

New York, April 2, 1918.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.



Amee





"All shell-holes are the same to me when I'm with you, darling."



“Their Christmas don’t seem to fall on the same day as ours, does it Bert?”



# A Tidy Job



“S’pose we’ll ‘ave to stop behind and tidy all this up when it’s over, Bert.”



# Second-Lieut. Mabel Smells Powder

(No novelty)



“There you are Bert; I told you we’d ’ave ’em  
’ere before we’d finished.”





“Bit of all right, bein’ one of these ’ere dukes, Bert,  
and ’ave a bed like this to sleep in.”



“Quoth the Raven . . .”





*Bruce  
Rainsfather*

**"Now then, you two, there's nothing more till 4:30"  
(Old Bill is not going to the Zoo again).**

## The Point of View



“Well, if it don’t get merrier than this by Christmas  
it won’t be up to much.”





“ 'E 'as to pick up odd bits of paper and match-ends down the camp, sir; but 'e don't seem to 'ave 'is 'eart in 'is work, sir!”

# Old Bill's War-Aim



“To live to see a day like this!”





“If you’ll just ’old that blinkin’ ladder tight a bit longer, mate, I’ll ’ave the big ’un for you!”



“What an 'ell of a mess you've ma





made of the name of William!"



“Well, if yer thinks yer ought to, I’ll lend yer  
this bit o’ mistletoe o’ mine.”





“Look 'ere if I gets blown up in any more o' yer dreams,  
there's going to be trouble.”



“As soon as that fortified incubator on the left of that road is taken, Lille is ours!”





"Stow that blinkin' row can't yer? You'll bring on an offensive with that hiccupin' o' yours."

## The Price of a Pint



“As far as I can make out from the paper, Bert, breweries seem to 'ave been 'ard 'it by this blinkin' war!”





“One shell-less day a week wouldn't be a bad idea would it, Bert?”



**"You are shortly going on a journey across a field; an ugly man with a square head will cross your path; you then hear a loud noise, after which you will rise very high in your profession."**

**(Old Bill, incited by Bert to have his fortune told before returning to the front, didn't like the sound of this forecast at all.)**





“You’re comin’ along with me, my lad, as soon as this is over!”  
(Herman feels that he does know a better ’ole.)



"I see it's security for the Future we are fightin' for, Alf."  
"A little of that on account, wouldn't be a bad idea, Bert."





“What the Hindenburg will happen when I have to stop?”



"Yes, I know the road's rotten, but I'm sure this habit of 2d-Lieut. Smith's of finding his way back to billets with his private repeating Verrey pistol (that his aunt sent him) will lead to trouble."



# The Best Noose of the War



"If only . . . . . but I suppose it's impossible."



This enthralling work is the latest production of Mr. Ephraim Pepstein, the famous sculptor. You will be glad to see that going into the Army has not spoiled his touch.





It was unfortunate that Old Bill had been playing the Baron in "Puss in Boots" at the Armentieres Panto, as he hadn't time to change completely before that attack broke out.



19..?



No! this isn't an air-raid bomb bother. Only his grandson, Harold, aged eight, has just asked Old Bill what he did in the great war.





Bill had just asked Old Bill what he did in the great war.

Old Bill: "It's our officer."

# More "Entanglements"



Bathing at Casse les Bains is going to be rotten again this year.





Pte. 90045 Gerrard, after three quarters of a mile of this, sincerely hopes it won't be a dud.

G. G.



The last man.

FRAGMENTS  
FROM FRANCE

*Part VI*





CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

# FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE

*By*  
*CAPTAIN*  
*BRUCE*  
*BAIRNSFATHER*



*Part VI*

New York: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

London: THE BYSTANDER

1918

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The Press Publishing Co.

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Copyright, 1918  
G. P. Putnam's Sons



## INTRODUCTION



THE publication of the dramatic and humorous sketches through which Bairnsfather presented what might be called living pictures of the experiences of the Scotch and British boys at the front, brought the artist very promptly into relations with all the peoples whose armies were fighting in France to save France and Europe, and, as we at last understand, to save America also from the domination of Prussianized Germany, from the control of the barbarous Hun.

The first four numbers of Bairnsfather's "Fragments from France" secured for the artist a world-wide reputation; but it was only with the publication of an American edition of the fifth part of the series, that the clever Scotchman secured a formal introduction to his American public.

Since the issue of the first number of the "Fragments from France", a good deal of water has flowed under the bridges and the blood of hundreds of thousands of good men has soaked into the battlefield. History is in the making, and the shaping of events today must determine the control of Europe and America and the development of civilization itself for generations to come.

The earlier designs of the Scotch artist were, naturally enough, devoted to the idiosyncrasies of his fellow Scotchmen and the daily happenings in the lines of the British armies.

It was some months after the war work of the artist had begun that England and France had the satisfaction of receiving Italy as an ally. It was (sadly enough for the honour and the good sense of America) more than two years after England and France had taken up the work of defending Europe and civilization, before America recognized that she too had a duty in the struggle, a duty to which she was called not only on the grounds of her obligations as a member of the family of nations, but for

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the preservation of her own policies, territory and liberties. It was the coming of America into the war and the coming with America of a great number of the smaller states,—the group of allies now comprising in all no less than 23 members,—that emphasized the nature of the issue that was being fought out. On the one hand, we have the Prussianized Germany and its dependencies,—it is hardly accurate to call them allies,—Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria, fighting in support of so-called “divine right”, fighting to maintain the contention of the Prussians that they are the supermen selected by “divine power” to dominate Europe and the world. Against these confederates, we have the twenty-three allies, led by martyred Belgium, devastated France, plucky, persistent and dogged England, fighting not only to maintain their own independent existence, but for the liberties of the smaller states, such as Belgium and Serbia. The Allies are fighting also in order that communities so placed as not to possess an independent nationality, communities like, for instance, Armenia and Albania, may secure and may preserve the right that Americans hold to be elementary, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

America has at last thrown her lot in with the Allies and has accepted the leadership of France and England. It is the fortune of America that her armies and her resources are to prove the decisive factor in the war. The world will, with the defeat of the Central Powers and the success of the allied cause, owe much to America, and the brilliant work already done on the battlefield by the American fighting boys entitles them to be recorded in literature and in art for the inspiration of the generations to come, generations to which they have rendered service.

Bairnsfather has taken the opportunity in this sixth part of his “Fragments from France” to commemorate the work done by the Italian and the American allies of Britain. He has brought into relations with his own “Old Bill,” the Italian and American equivalents of Bill, and he has shown himself able to understand and to present the humour that is peculiar to national groups. His sketches of the feats on the Italian mountains are wonderfully impressive and have a character that reminds one of

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Münchhausen. The deeds of the Bersagliere in its Alpine fighting are so brilliant that it is difficult to exaggerate them. "Old Bill," giving to his juniors the important reminiscences of Italian history, such as the "bringing up of Romeo and Juliet by a she wolf," shows how the study of history under the intense atmosphere of the trenches can be made both fascinating and informing.

The placing of "Old Bill" and the typical Yankee in the same 'ole is, of course, typical of the new relationship and the new comradeship.

Bairnsfather has touched upon difficulties of some of the greener Yankee boys who, in the absorbing fight for democracy, have occasionally forgotten to salute their officers.

Britons, Frenchmen, Italians, Americans, are now all united in comradeship and in their devotion to the great cause. It is the coming in of America, with practically all the states of the world whose territory is not actually under the guns of Germany, which has made evident the indignation of civilized peoples with the aims of Germany and with the methods under which Germany is conducting war.

The war is to be brought to such a thorough conclusion that no future similar wars will be possible. The civilized states, which means all the states outside of Germany and Germany's allies, are united in the one purpose and in this month of September, 1918, we may feel assured that this purpose is to be accomplished.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

New York, September, 1918.



Napoleon said:

"Every soldier carries a Field  
Marshal's baton in his knapsack."  
(He also carries a few other things.)



Bruce  
Barnes & Co.



“Old soldiers never say die, they’ll simply block the way.”





"I wonder what they'll do with Old Bill when the war's over, Bert?"  
"I dunno, 'ave 'im filled with concrete and sunk somewhere, I expect."





"It strikes me, Bert, that if they combed this mud out they might get a few more men."

# His Fatal Beauty



Old Bill: "My wife married me for love, ye know, Bert."  
Bert (after a prolonged and somewhat pained scrutiny of Bill's face): "I had been wonderin' what it was, Bill!"

*W. F. Faller*





Old Bill has managed to snatch a few minutes at Casse-les-Bains after all.

"Ere! you! Alles vous ong! The blinkin' sea's quite rough enough without you muckin' it about."





"The Chauffeur says a car fell over here last week." "Oh!"



“Unless you like riding don’t go to see the Alpini—the mule’s ears tickle so!”



## Circumstances Alter Cases

If, in an outburst of patriotic vigour, you rose, and plugged this man, in your favourite restaurant, you would undoubtedly get the military very cross.



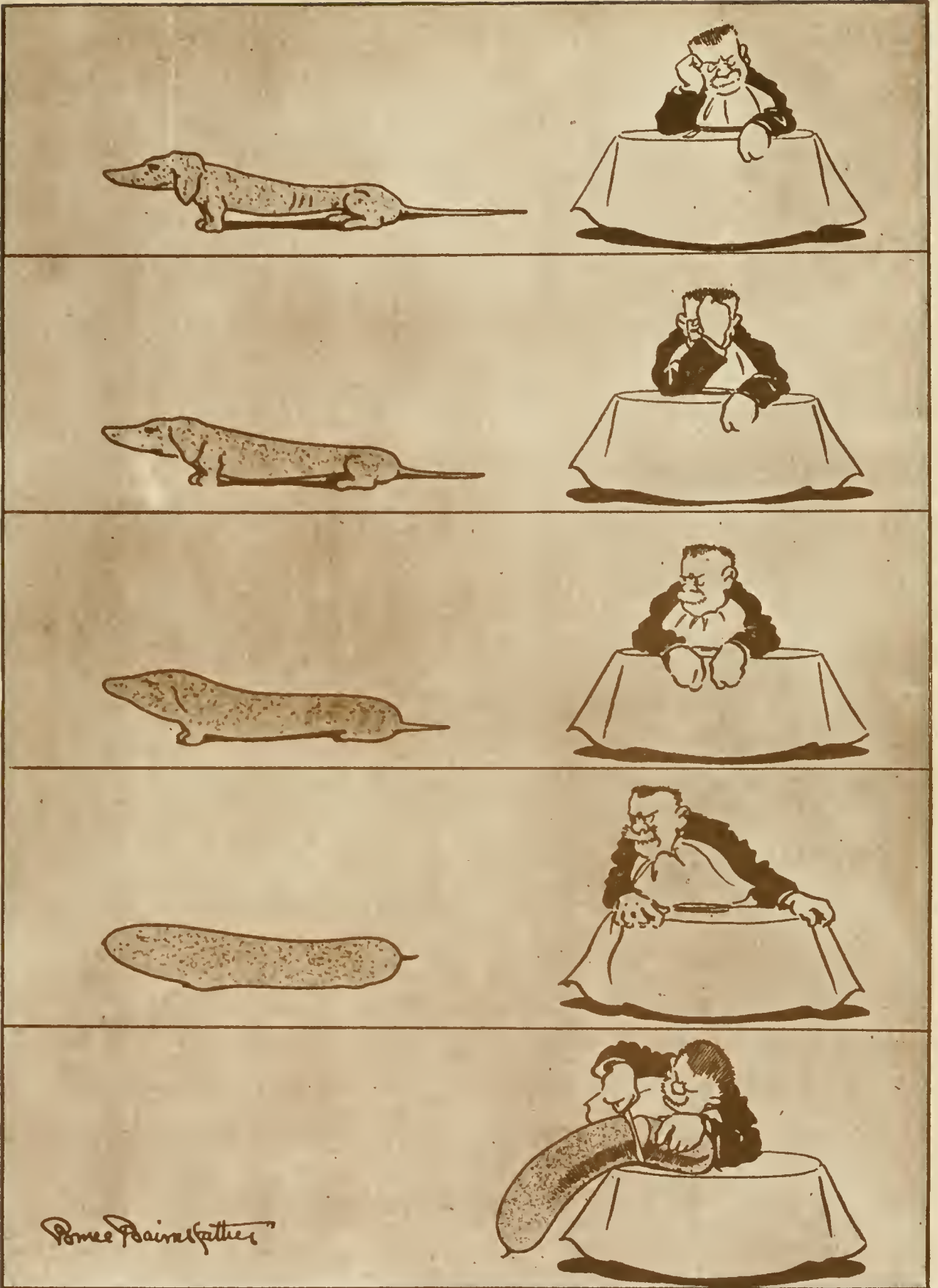
But if on the other hand, you chanced upon the same growth in no-mans-land, and you find him a bit slow with his "Kamerad", you can do what you like, with a reasonable chance of getting the Military Cross



Ponce  
Painefather

The value of locality in warfare





Temptation



His father was a Czech, but his mother was a Serb. He used to live in Bohemia but his sympathies are all Italian. Fought for the Austrians in Galicia owing to his love of Croats and Magyars. Suspected of being a Slovak or a Ruthenian, he was sent to the Italian front, where he slipped on a banana skin in Goritzia and was captured.

Here They Are



15

“This ’ere country’s too —— corrugated for me, Bert.”





Old Bill wishes now that he had never gone



ne nto that Café on the Boulevard des Italiennes





The war was over some time ago, but this man hasn't heard about it yet, and nobody can get up to tell him. His sniping is therefore very annoying to that Austrian village in the valley.





"There are the Austrians!" "I see."



Of course, when one has got a howitzer up into a position like this, there is not much chance of the enemy staying in the trench marked X-X.





Herr Pickelhauber (Professor of frightfulness at Prague) now on the Italian front, is greatly bothered by the constant recurrence of this dream.





"Don't you get pullin' yer cigarette card stuff on me. What the 'ell do you know about 'istory? F'r instance, I bet you don't know that Romeo and Juliet was brought up by a she wolf."



Both in the Same 'ole Now





"I know we're fighting for democracy, but next time the Colonel comes round salute, you ——— son of a ———!"





**William K. Flicker (the ex-movie producer, after surveying the surrounding civilization in silent indignation): "Guess they ought to send this outfit on tour when they've finished here!"**



"What's that hat doin' floatin' round there, sergeant?"  
"I think that's Private Murphy sittin' down, sir."



“Wal, I guess, of all the — — billets,  
this darn pigstye is about the toughest  
proposition we’ve — —”



“Snakes! and here’s the pig!”



*Price  
Bainfather*

The New Tenants are not Pleased nor is the Real Landlord



“Don’t know the way? Wal, keep right on up this track till you come to a war. Then fight!”





He has left a good business in Boston, he has come 3,000 miles, and—  
he has had six months of this!

# The Raiders



“Say, can’t you get a canvas cover for that gold tooth of yours?”





“Ye know Joan of Arc had her visions somewhere around here, Bill.”  
Bill: “I’m not surprised.”



Private Murphy has only recently realized the wealth of meaning in that historical phrase, "Stars and Stripes forever."





"Come on, here's a carriage!"

## A Ticklerish Question



"Funny 'ow we don't seem to get no more plum and apple these days."  
"They're usin' it for munitions I expect."





The Monks of Grand Mariner are sworn to perpetual silence, so when their boiled cod was accelerated by a 5.9 the other day, they had a very trying five minutes.





One of those days when you wonder what's going on  
in Boston, Mass.



*“THE BYSTANDER’S”*  
FRAGMENTS  
FROM FRANCE

By  
CAPTAIN  
BRUCE  
BAIRNSFATHER



Vol. VII

PUBLISHED BY  
“THE BYSTANDER”  
TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, E.C. 4,  
190. STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

# Foreword

AND still they come!  
In the mind's eye one can see many an admirer of The Fragments, as he picks up and glances for the first time at this book, saying to himself, "Well, well!! Number Seven, is it? And how in the world is it done?" How, indeed! But that it is *done*, and as brilliantly as ever, the following pages prove. "How," is Captain Bairnsfather's affair. If he knows, it is his secret. But it is very doubtful if he does. Genius seldom explains itself to its happy possessor. It is an entity, as your philosopher-man would call it. It exists. And that's all there is to it.

As General Sir Ian Hamilton said at the Queen's Hall a month or so ago, when introducing Captain Bairnsfather as a lecturer, "The creator of Old Bill has rendered great service to his country, both as a soldier and as one who has done much to lighten the darkest hour." Bairnsfather did that, but he has kept on doing it. And he is doing it still. All through 1915, '16, '17, '18, and now in 1919, he has done it, and though the clouds of war have lifted, we still need his cheery optimism. But it is a wonderful record, and one which was none better appreciated than by the late Sir Mark Sykes, who wrote to Captain Bairnsfather, in the trying days of 1916, "You are a real factor in the situation."

Number Seven is a record of a period in the history of the Great War not yet accurately definable. It is a link between those glorious achievements on the Western Front that culminated at 5 a.m. on November 11, 1918, and the events which so swiftly followed that historic date. It marks the interregnum between the reigns of War and Peace—War has abdicated—with the Kaiser, but Peace has yet to undergo her Coronation Ceremony.

And so in this book Old Bill and Alf and Bert are still fighting and enduring and jesting in the midst of it all as those dear fellows ever did, right up to the end, until—"Ullo!" says Bill, and finds himself seated on the Kaiser's throne amid the wreckage of that wretched Monarch's Court. Towards the end of the volume 1919 has come and the three heroes begin to get themselves a trifle demobilised. Perhaps, later on, we may have the full story of their "demobbing." I shouldn't be surprised. As I overheard a man say in the Tube the other day, "Wonderful feller, that chap Bairnsfather!" A. B. H.





## No "Light" Call

"Bert, 'ere's the man about the gas"



The village has now been relieved by a heaven  
directed German push — and all is Joy



Sad but True  
"C'est la Guerre"





## Yet Another 'Ole

"Now then, Bert; none o' yer Lady Godiva squintin' through the key-'ole"

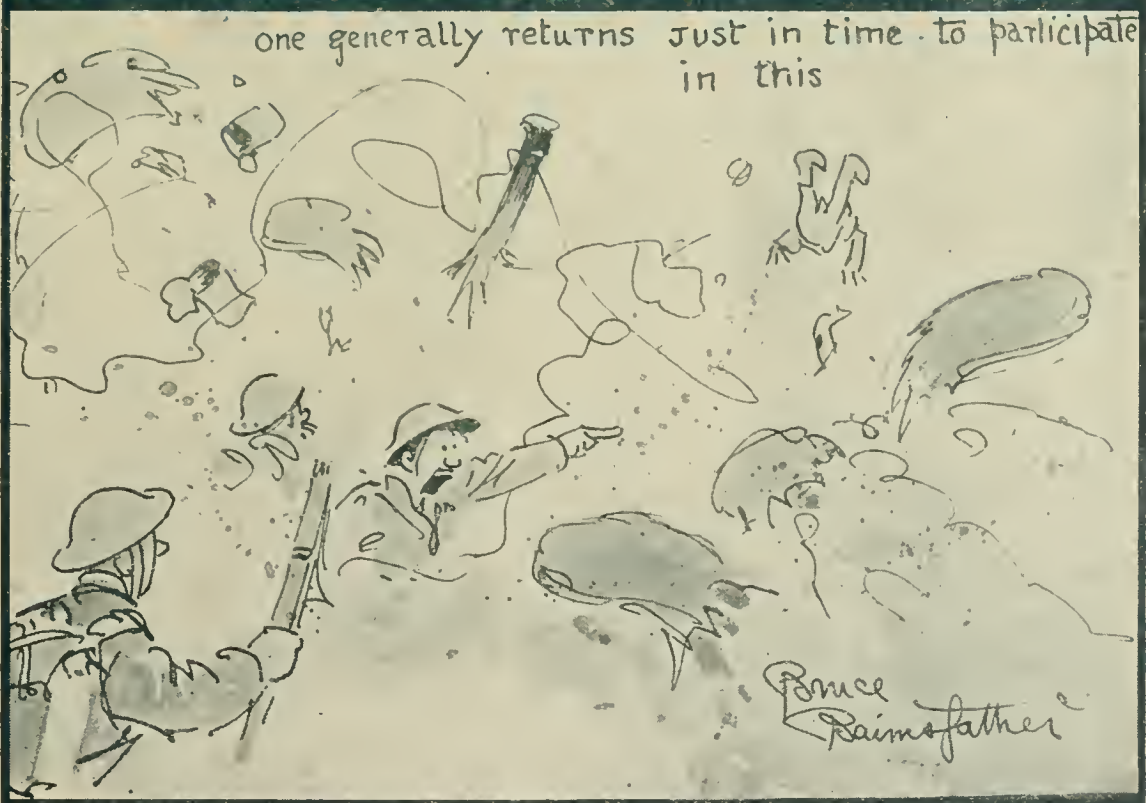




### An In-fringe-ment

"Look 'ere, Bert, if you wants to remain in this 'ere trench be'ave yerself"





The Outs and the Ins



### Some Snag

Of course, this is where your machine-gun sticks

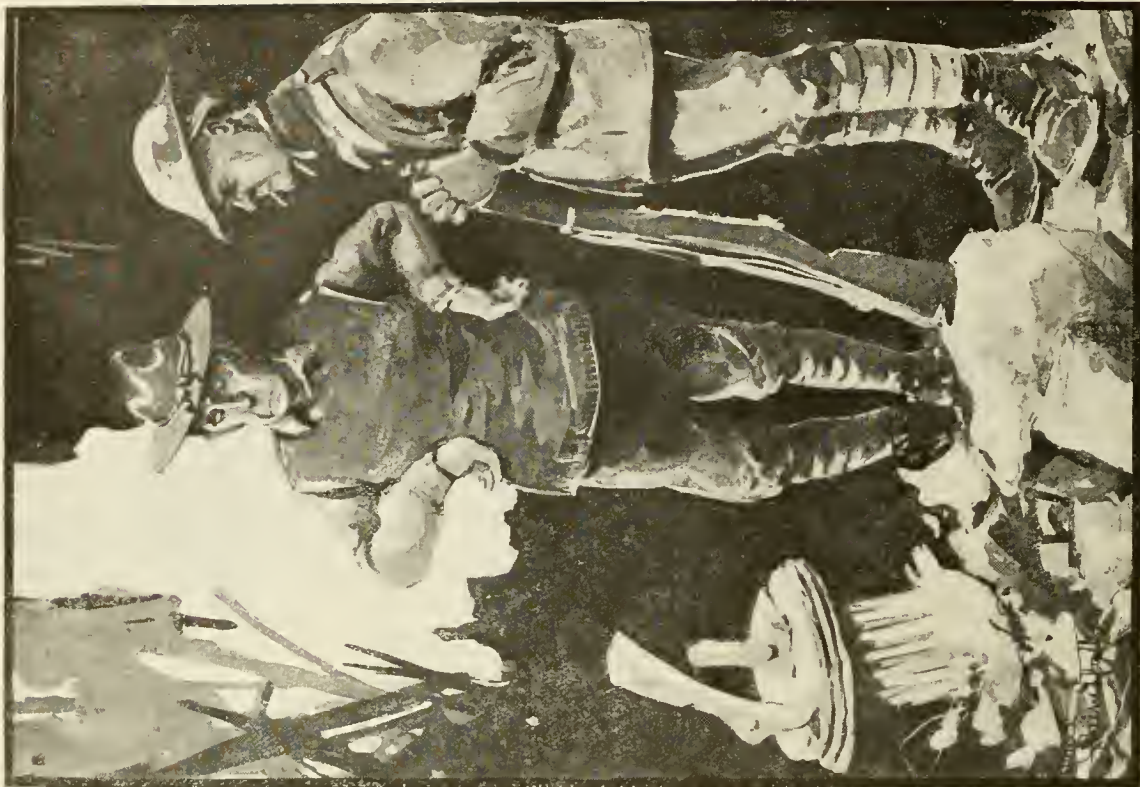




## The Dough-Boy in Danger

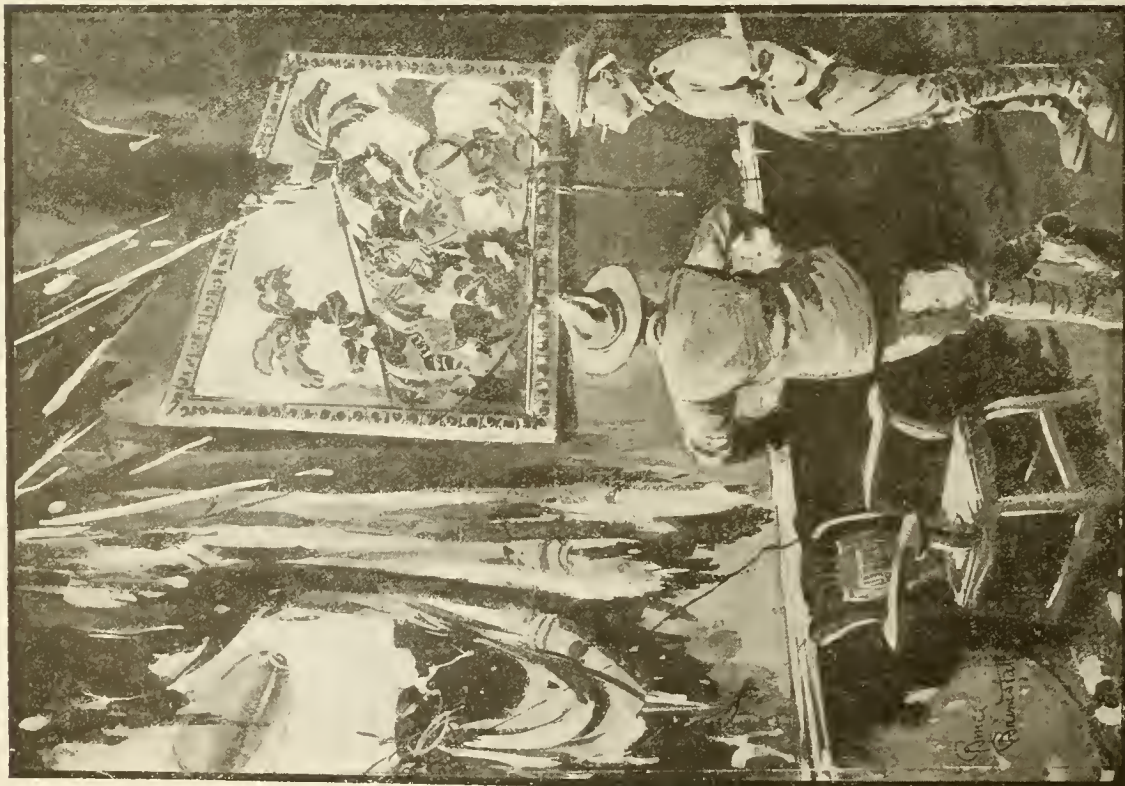
"Say, you'd better beat it back here; you're standing too close to the war!"





### The Legend

"If that statue could only speak, it could tell some stories, Steve"



### Chat at the Château

"No, one never could be quite certain of one's life in those days"





### The Knock Out!

Why not add a touch of sport to the last lap of the war by arranging a contest at the Hague between Old Bill and Hindenburg? The end will be the same anyway





**Moments that Make You Wonder Whether the Colonel Likes You**

"You know that clump of trees, over there, where so many of our men have been sniped from lately?" "Yes, sir!" "Well, I want you to go out to-night and see if they have got a machine gun there"



**The Long and the Short of It**

Introductory remark to new arrival after ten minutes' offensive scrutiny: "There must be an 'ell of a view from the top of that 'ead of yours"



**Safety First!**

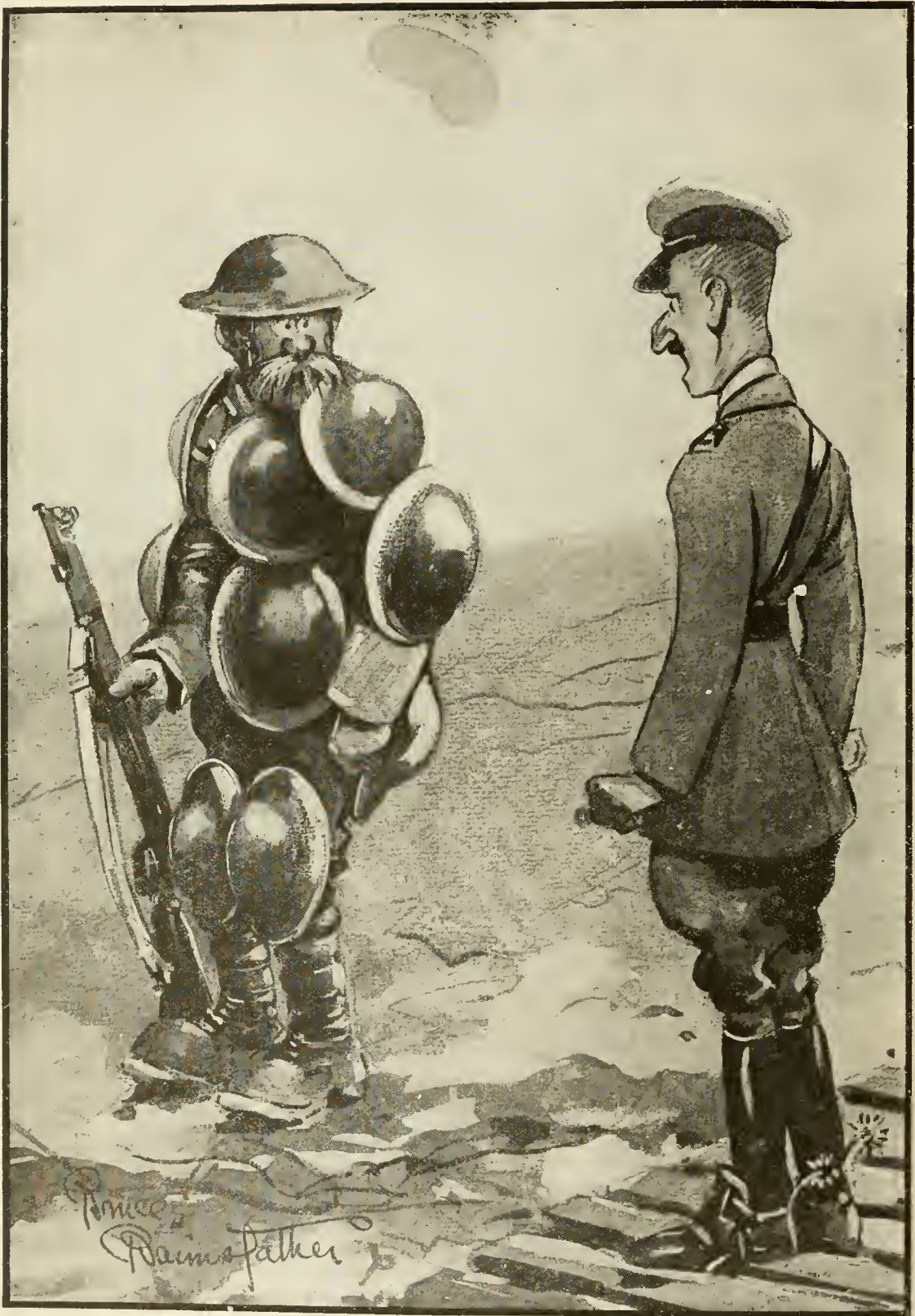
When crossing No-Man's Land always face the approaching traffic. Follow the dotted line





## No Joke!

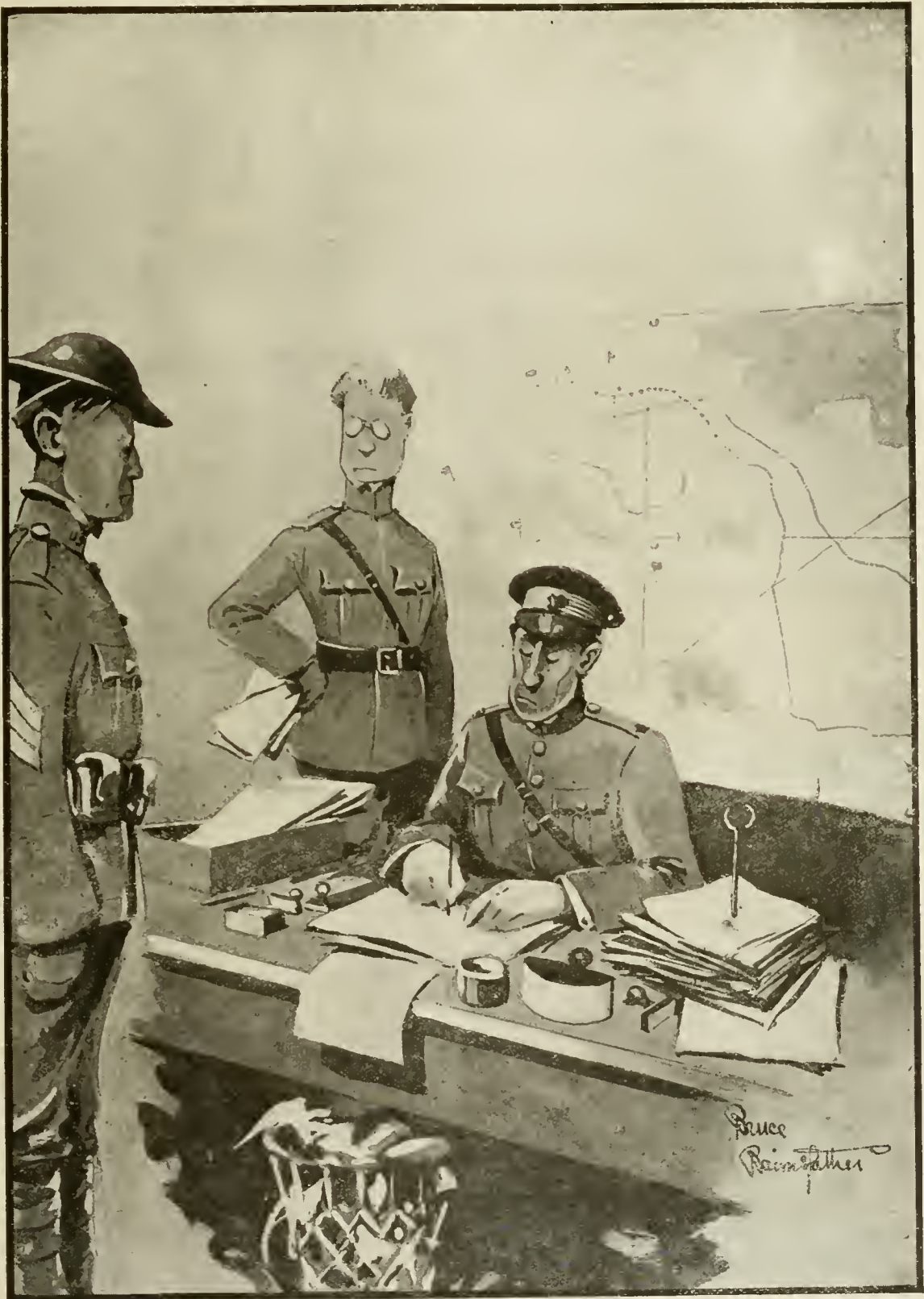
The Censor has been most kind to me throughout the war. I have made the above drawing simply out of gratitude. I have also omitted the joke, thus ensuring complete approval



### "Protection on the March"

Old Bill had thought of a splendid idea for the next advance, and, frankly, was rather hurt when a Staff Officer condemned it





### Sure Thing

"There's another two million men just arrived from the base, sir"  
"Well, give them tea, sergeant"



### "A Sentimental Journey"

I love motoring, but when Silas K. Huckleberry (the accredited war correspondent of the *El Paso Pursuit*) takes me out after a "sob stuff" story, I simply hate it



### Who'd Have Thought It?

"'Struth, Bert! Good job we saw that notice!"





### What's Bred in the Bone Comes Out in the Bomb

General Sir Francis Drake (a lineal descendant of the great Francis) insists on finishing his game of "bowl bomb" whilst news is brought of an impending attack



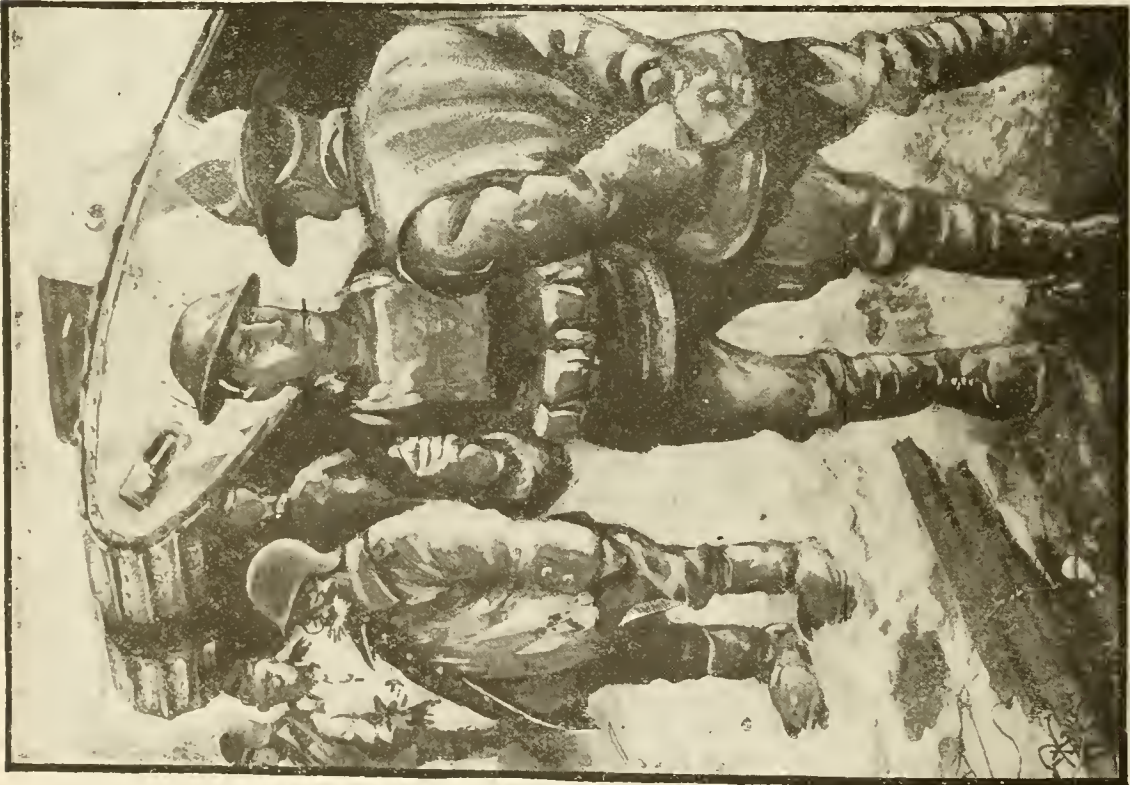
### The Optimist

"Yer know Bill, with a floor and a roof, a winder and a door or two, you could make quite a nice little 'ome out of this place" (No answer)



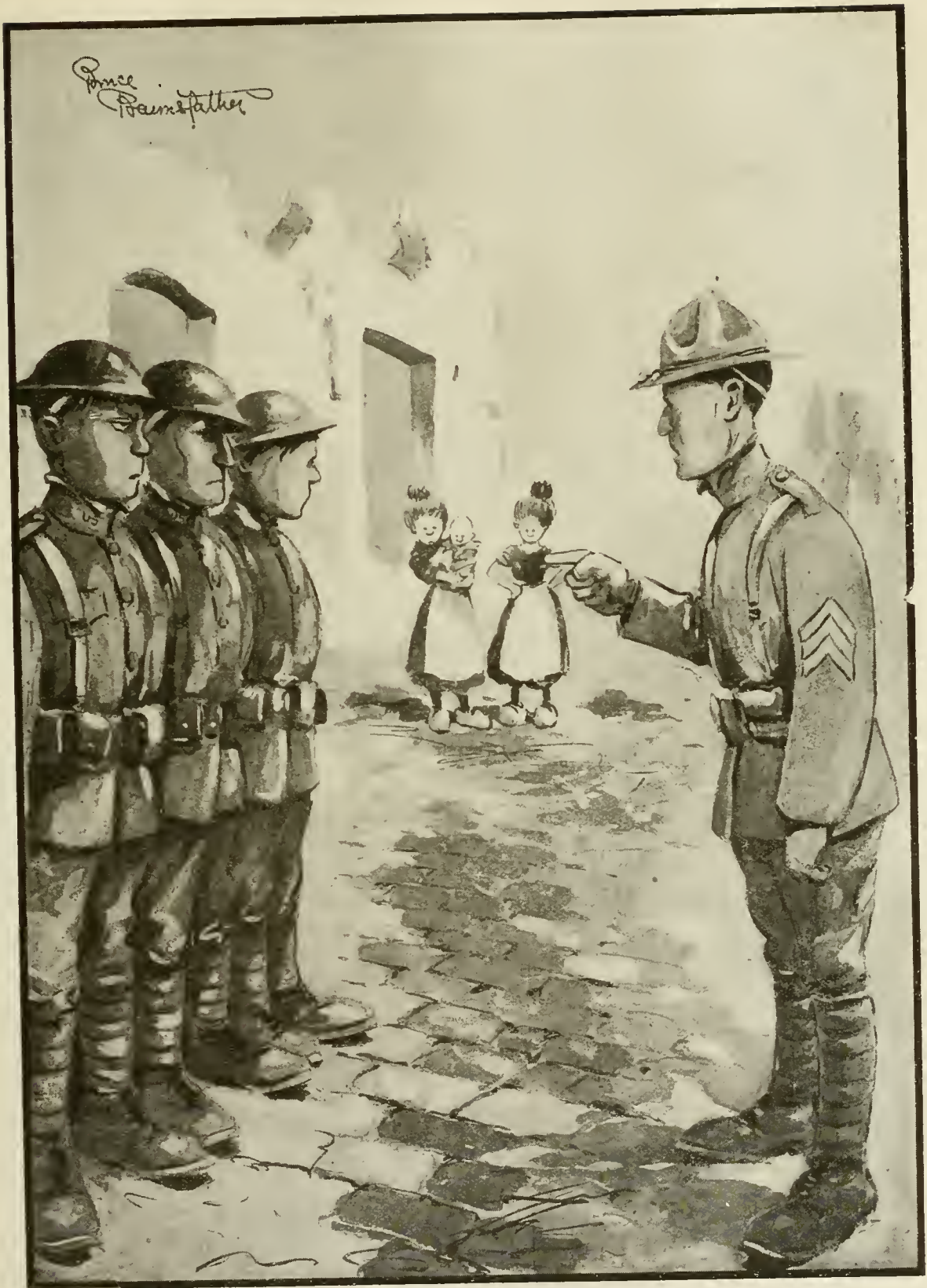


**It's the Little Things that Worry**  
 "It is an ancient campaigner and he stoppeth one of three"



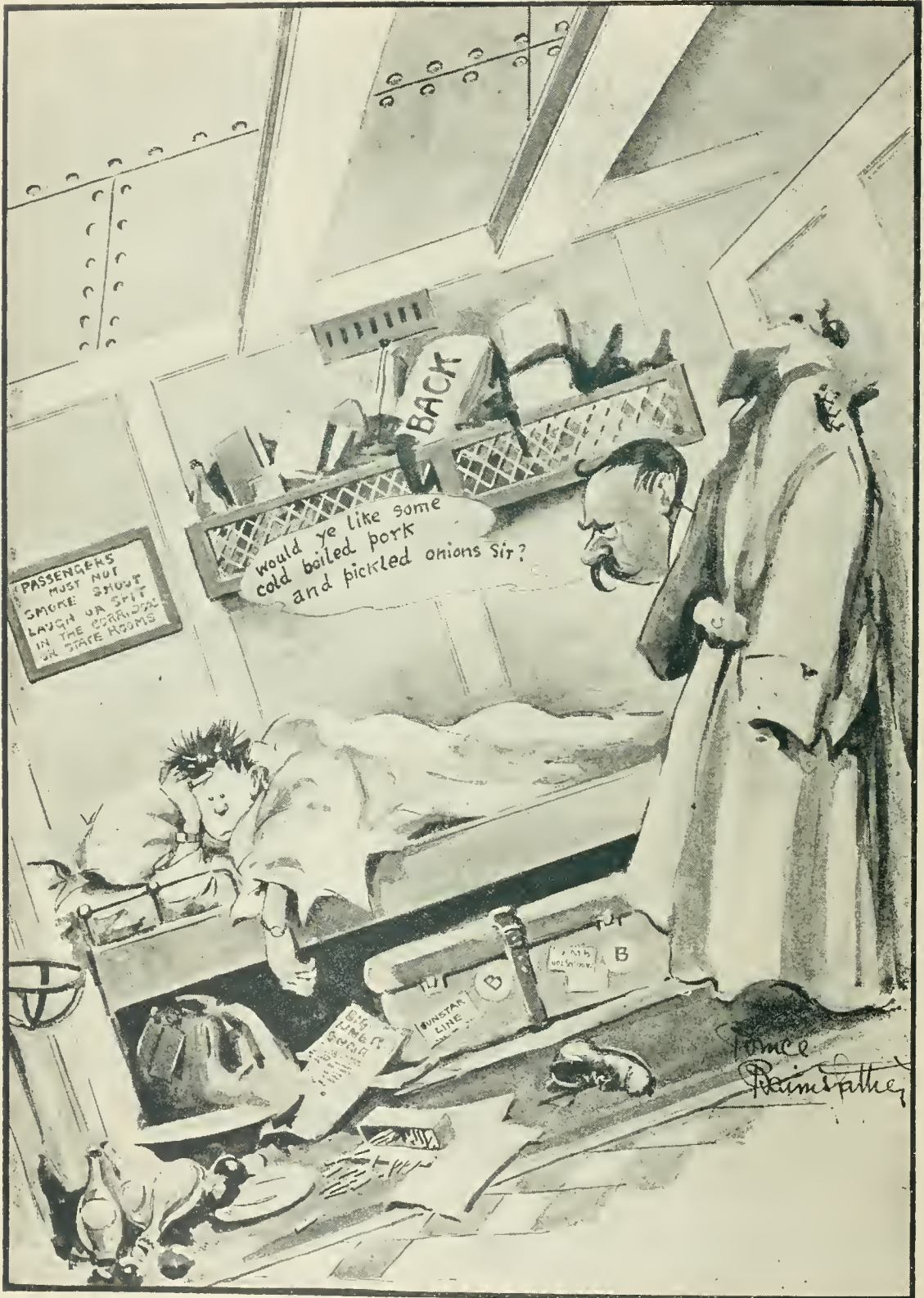
**Bully ?**  
 "Say, take a slant at this guy ; he's got a salient on his western front, alright !"





### Nil Admirari

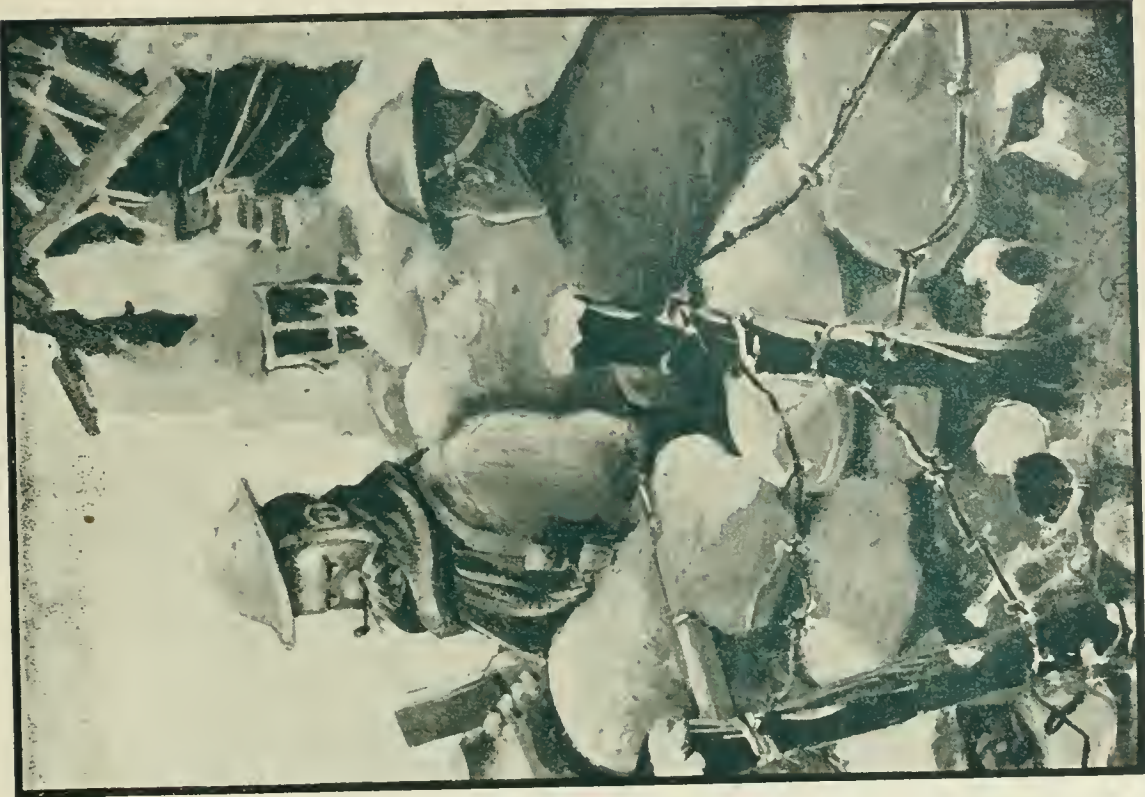
"Now, then, never mind about those demi-mondaines ; look straight to your front !"



### C'est la Guerre

There were times when I wished Prussian Militarism hadn't forced me to visit America





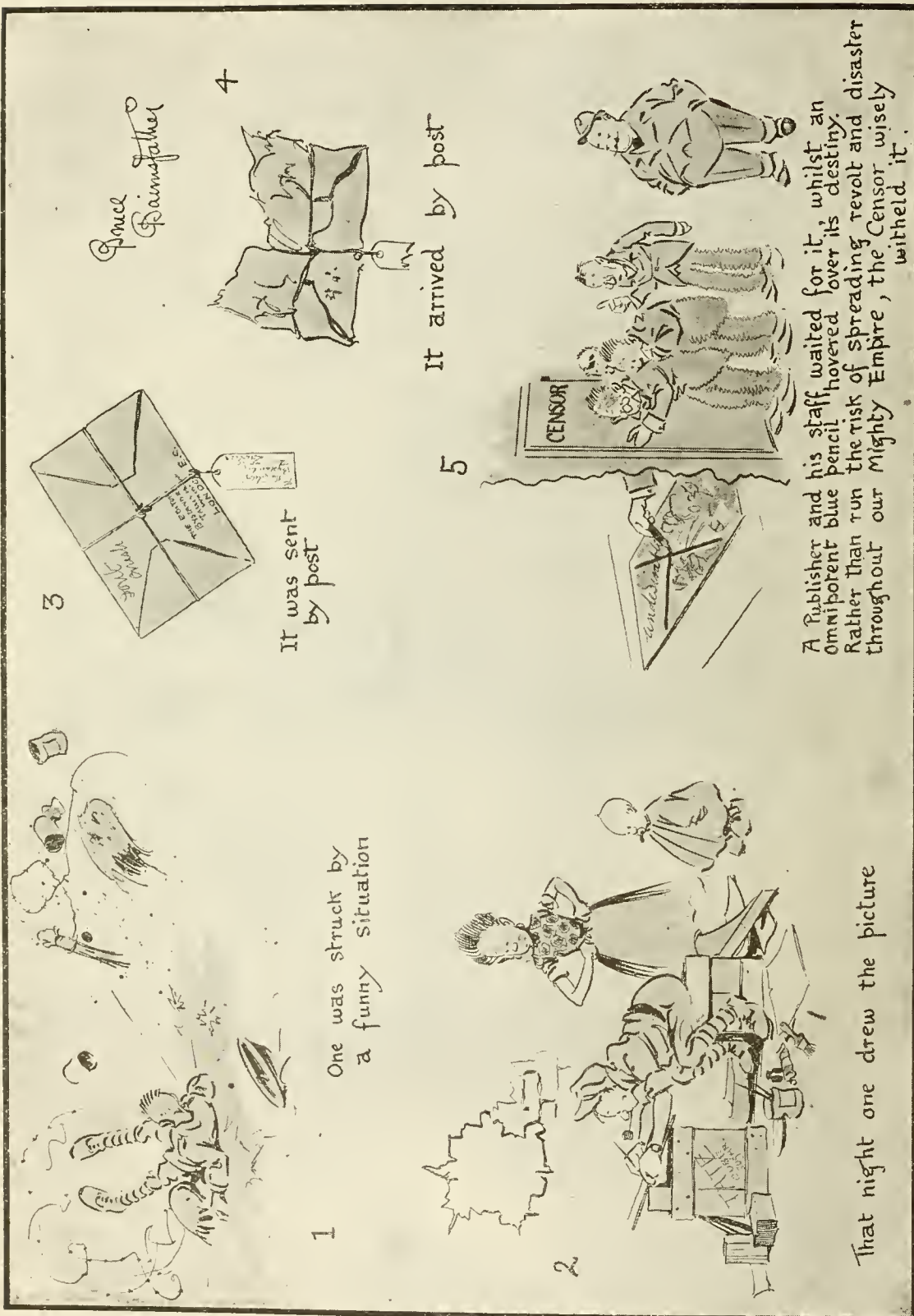
### No Answer

"What's the matter with your 'ead Bill—Pelmaniam? or caught it on a barrage?"



### 19 . . . ?

"'Ave ye 'eard any more about them allowin' us to start 'evin' chevrons on the left arm?"



1  
One was struck by  
a funny situation

2  
That night one drew the picture

3  
It was sent  
by post

4  
It arrived by post

5  
A Publisher and his staff waited for it, whilst an omnipotent blue pencil hovered over its destiny. Rather than run the risk of spreading revolt and disaster throughout our Mighty Empire, the Censor wisely withheld it.

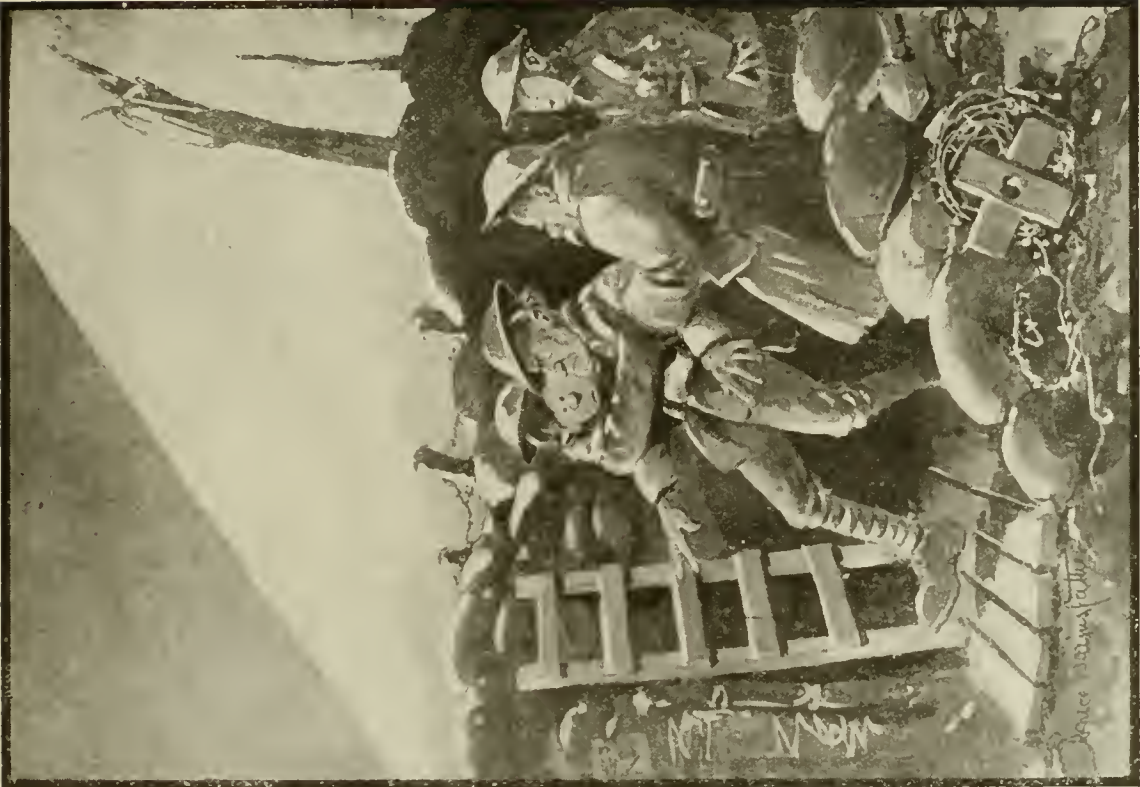
# A Fragment's Fortune





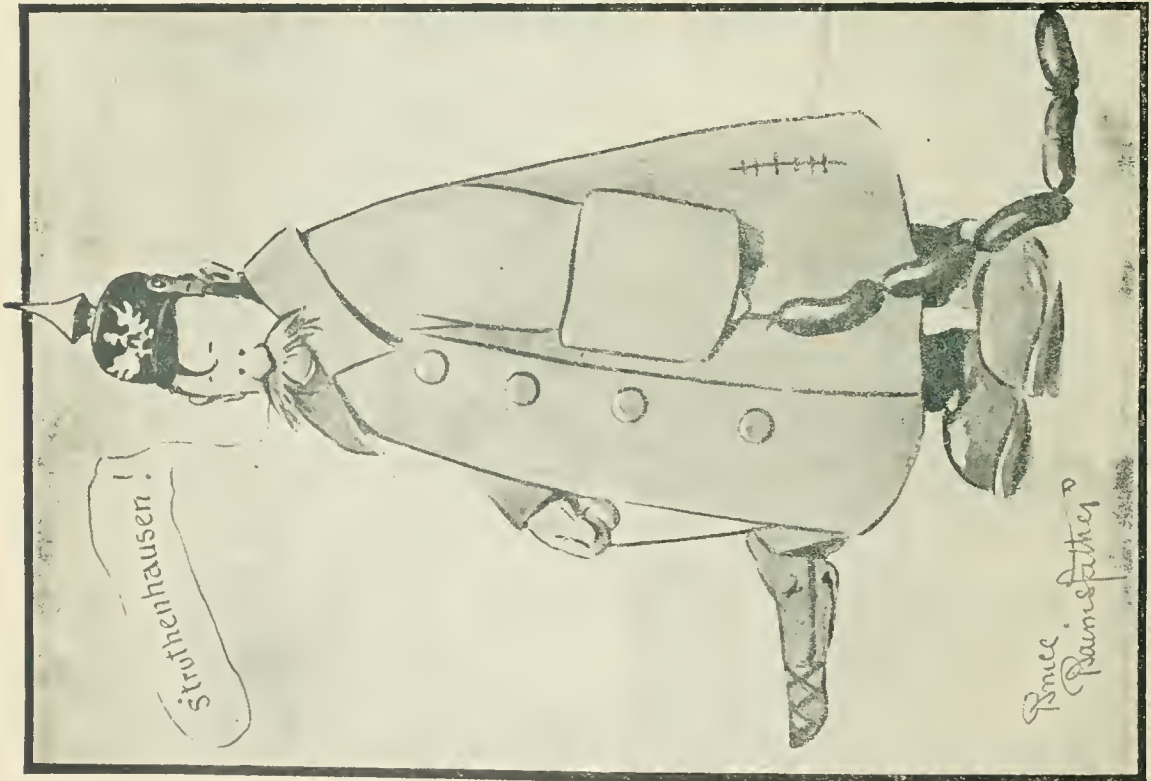
### Looking for Trouble

The rash habit Private Lovebird has of sharing the same periscope with the opposition across the way is bound to lead to trouble



### The Wrong Theatre

Whenever that German searchlight is turned on our trench we have a lot of trouble with Private Harold Montgomery (the famous actor, who has played in "His Second Sin" over 1,000 times). He *will* try to take a call, which, of course, would be fatal

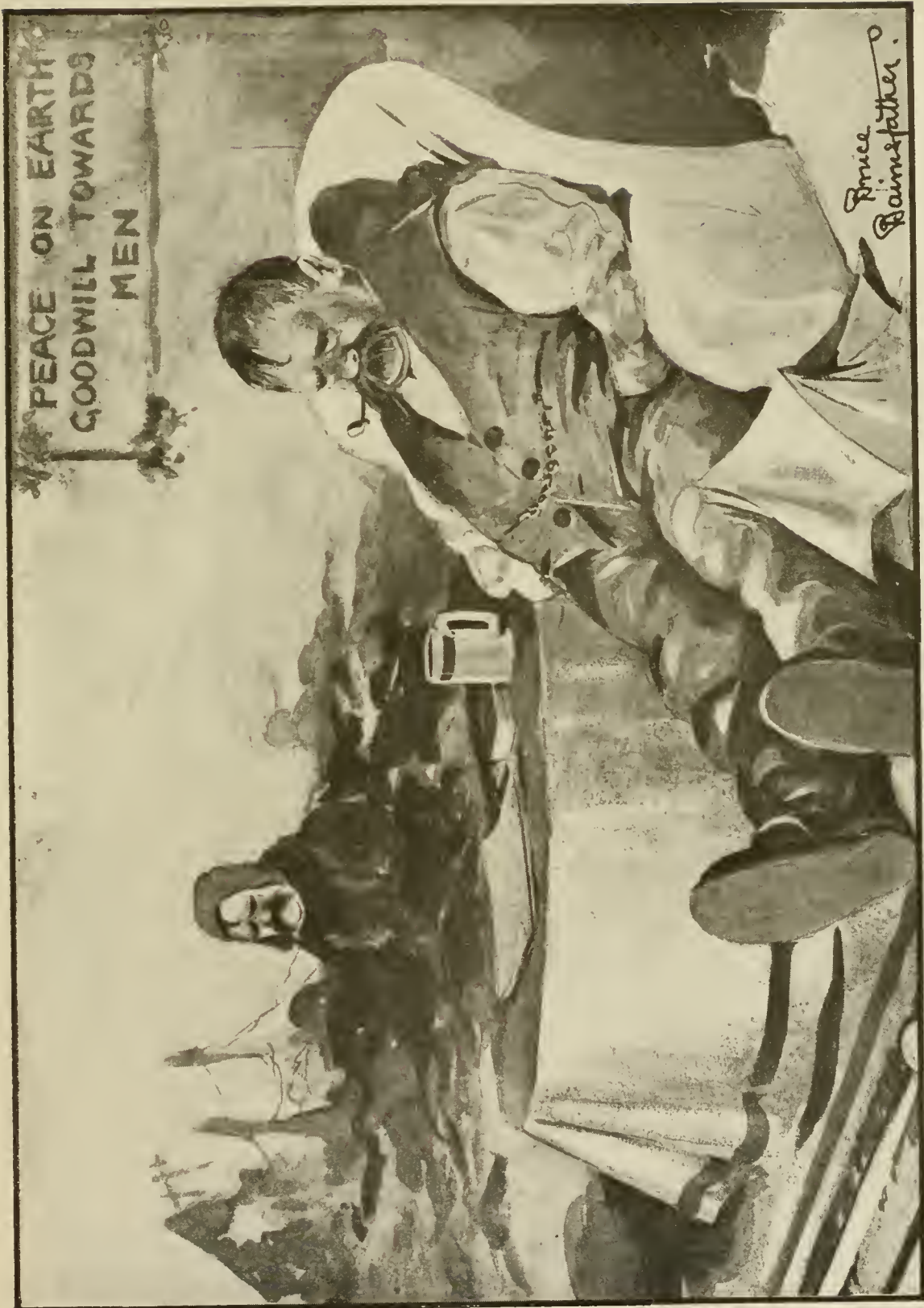


Autres Temps, Outre Bills  
Cénon Fodder, No. 199689, Old Billinich

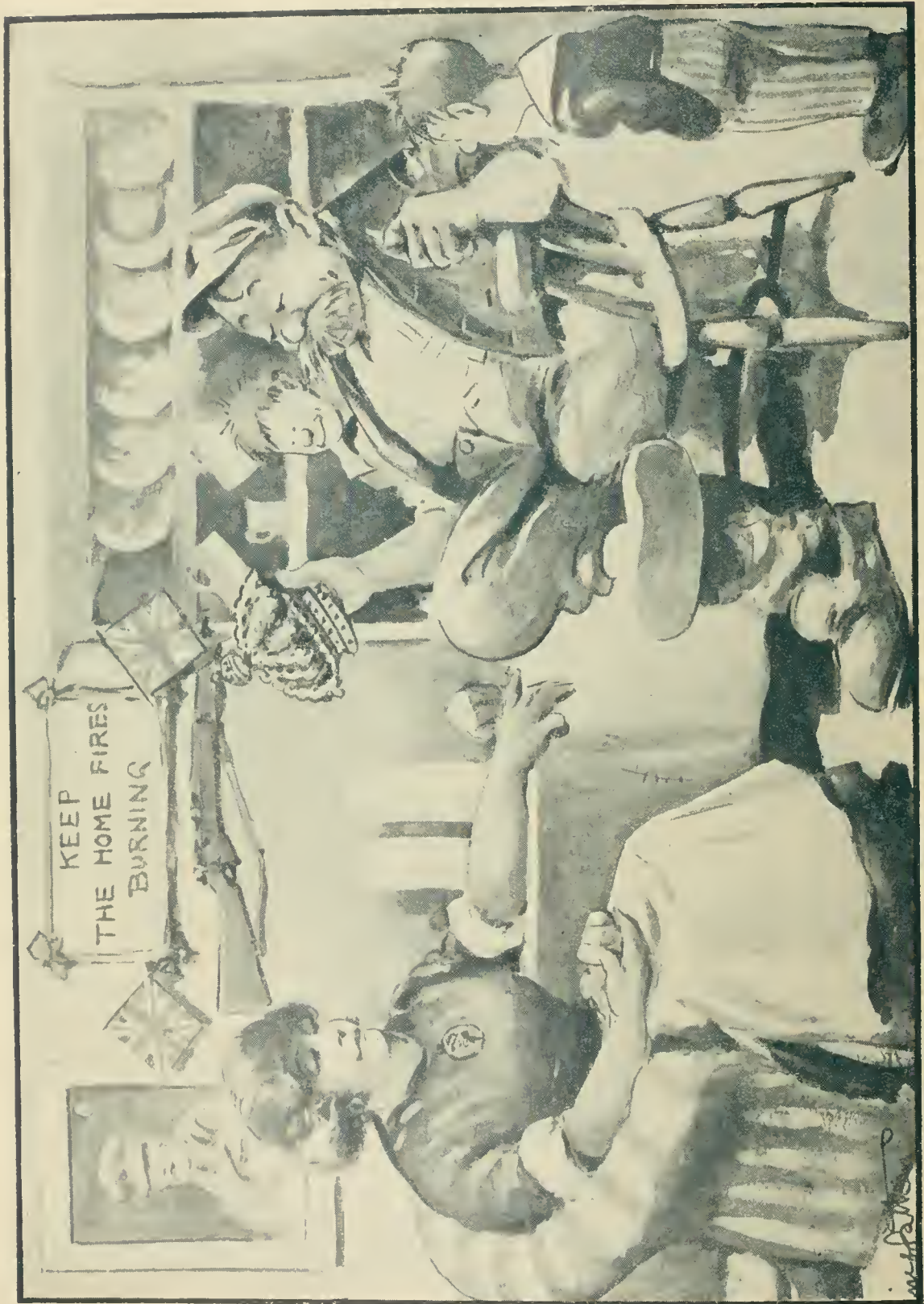


Autres Temps, Outre Bills [The French is Old Bill's.—Ed.]  
"Yer know yer wants to 'ave 'oopio' cough to pronounce this stuff!"





"Once Upon a Time"



### William the Conqueror II.

"Where did ye get that, Bill?" "I 'ad it off a King"





### The Wisdom of Bill

"Stick yer 'at pin into Douglas, Maggie. I've known them things go off before now!"



### Old Bill as the Bairns' Father

Old Bill's leave (when he gets it!) develops into a sort of Baby Week nowadays, since Maggie has le't home to join the W.A.A.C.'s



### Bargains in Bombs

Anarchists at a sale on the Western Front. Several good hand-grenades, suitable for elections, were also sold



### Putting the Screw On

The above exclusive photograph (received via Amsterdam and Singapore) shows clearly the consternation in German official circles on receipt of the amended armistice terms for February, in which 1,000 egg-spoons, 50 cructs, and 6 sausage separators are demanded. These harsh terms are, of course, intolerable





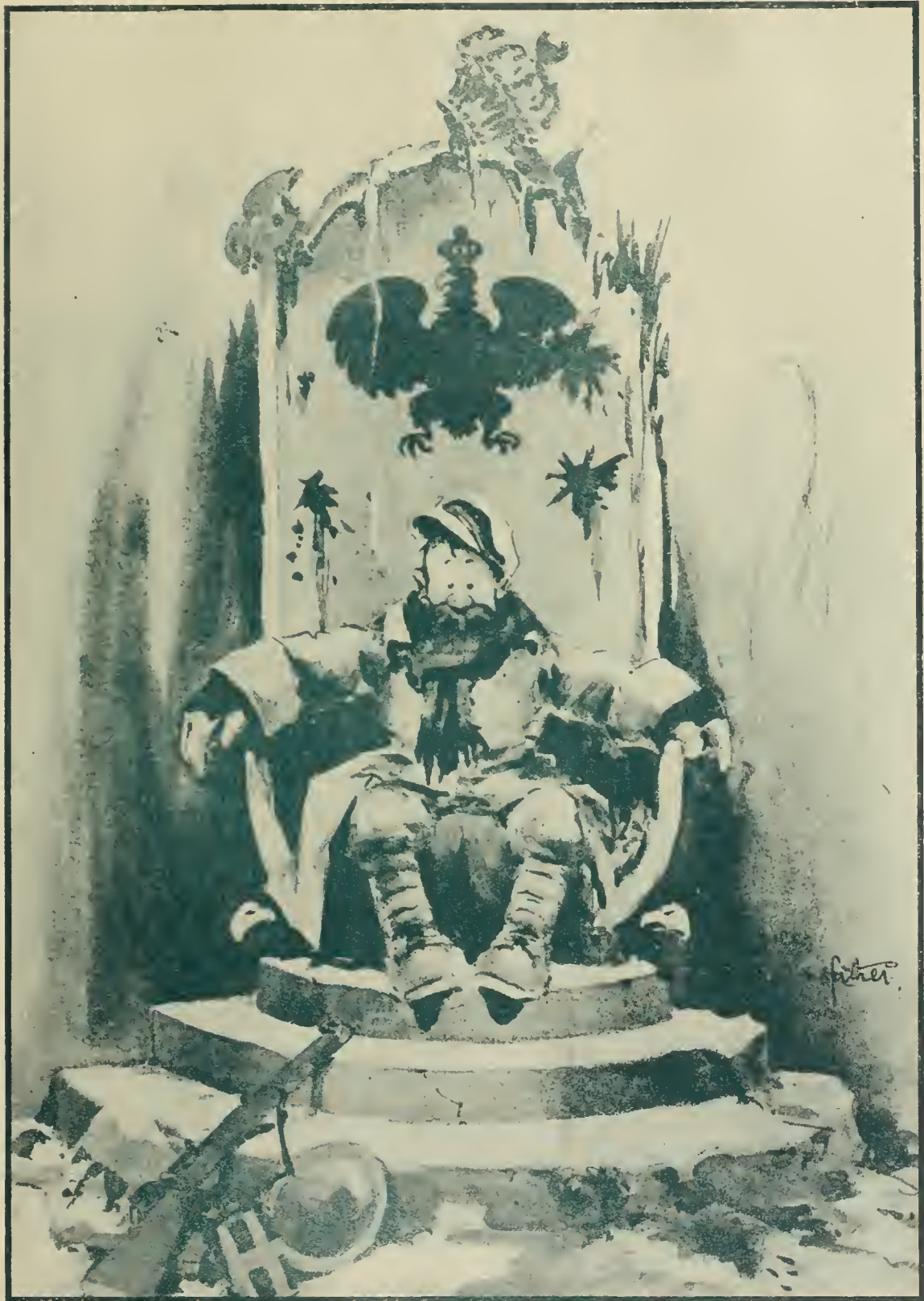
En Route to a Far, Far Better 'Ole  
"Struth!"



## Demobilisation

Owing to demobilisation not exactly synchronising with the taking back of the Hotel Terrific by the management, General Sir Claude Cumbersome has to deal with a lot of returns under almost impossible conditions





“'Ullo!”

[November 11, 1918]



And No Indemnities?



FRAGMENTS  
AWAY FROM  
FRANCE

*By*  
*CAPTAIN*  
*BRUCE*  
*BAIRNSFATHER*

Vol. VIII


*PUBLISHED BY*  
*"THE BYSTANDER"*  
TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, E.C. 4  
190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2

# The Spirit of "Fragments"



Captain Bairnsfather's Visitation  
on Christmas Eve






# OLD BILL

THROUGH THE AGES

By Captain Bruce Bairnsfather



In the Stone Age

# The Evolution of Old Bill

HIS LIFE THROUGH THE AGES BY PROF. ELLOVA DODGE, S.O.S.

[To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER]

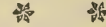
DEAR SIR—

**F**EELING that the subject will interest you, I herewith enclose the results of the expensive and exhaustive inquiry into that all-important question, "The Evolution of Old Bill."

As you are aware, for some time past Professor Ellova Dodge, S.O.S., has, with the aid of a large Government grant, untiring zeal, and unbridled *table d'hôte*, been engaged in collecting as much information as possible on the problem of the previous incarnations of Old Bill. His efforts and those of his collaborators have been crowned with success, and herewith, for the first time in history, the entire record of the evolution of Private William Busby through the ages is placed before us. Much, of course, is still obscure, but I am fortunate in being able to supply you with a series of pictures which I trust will indicate the rise of the House of Busby from the dawn of history to the present time. For the rest of the arduous but highly successful search it will be best to reproduce the Professor's own words.



Mighty in Battle, beloved of the twin gods Plumme and Apell.' (It rhymes, you notice.)

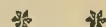


**F**OLLOWING my bewildering discovery at Bere-in-Botel, I and my colleagues determined to devote ourselves entirely to tracing Old Bill through antiquity. The later records, *i.e.*, from the time of the Roman Emperor Billius Busbarius up to the present period, fell comparatively easily into our hands. We determined unanimously to probe about in early mythology and Neolithic folk-lore, and I can safely say that after extensive and painful researches our labours have been rewarded.

"As to the name Busby, there can be little doubt that it is derived from the Assyrian word 'Buz' and the Chaldean 'Bee,' meaning obviously to 'buzz like a bee,' or, in other words, to 'grumble.'

"Now we come to the name William, which is slightly more difficult. The great seal of Sennacherib, when compared with the Rosetta stone, clearly indicates that the name 'William' is a corrupt form of the Saxon 'Will-e-um,' or, to be more explicit, of the Byzantine expression 'Will - he - hum,'

which you will readily see, substantiates my theory as to the derivation of the name Busby. We thus arrive at 'Will he hum or buzz like a bee?' This through countless ages has developed into 'Will he carry corrugated iron, or curse like hell?' A problem which only a company sergeant-major can solve.



**W**ITH this analysis, the accompanying genealogical table, and the following scarce old prints, I leave you to trace for yourselves through the ages the evolution of Old Bill, the Grand Old Man of the trenches.

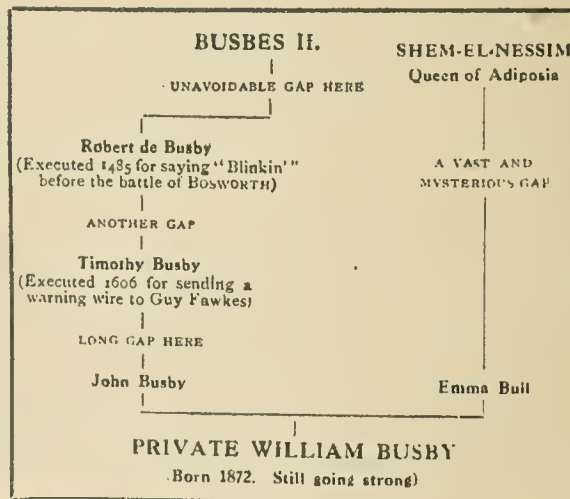
"Yours truly,

"ELLOVA DODGE, S.O.S."

## THE EVOLUTION OF OLD BILL

**I** WAS, indeed, fortunate in my discovery of the monolithic stone colossus shown on the cover of this paper. There is nothing to prove conclusively that this is really an early incarnation of Old Bill, except that the face, though chipped, has a certain amount of moustache and indignation about it, and that on the plinth of the seat are carved the words 'Busbes the Second,'

HISTORICUSS.



\* Busbes II. was the half-brother of Ptolephat IV., of the 57th Lybian Dynasty, B.C. 3450 Gerrard.



THE EVOLUTION OF OLD BILL. (continued)



A Stone Colossus

Which was recently discovered at Bere-in-Botel (Northern Libya), is believed by some to be the earliest available record of Old Bill.



Post-Prandial Augustan

Little is known about the Emperor Billius Busbarius, except that he was addicted to music and charmed his subjects on the lyre.



At the Siege of Acre

Sir William de Busby, known by his friends as William "Lion de la Mer" did as much as anyone during the Crusades to bring the advantages of Christianity home to the Turks. In fact, they quite lost their heads about it.

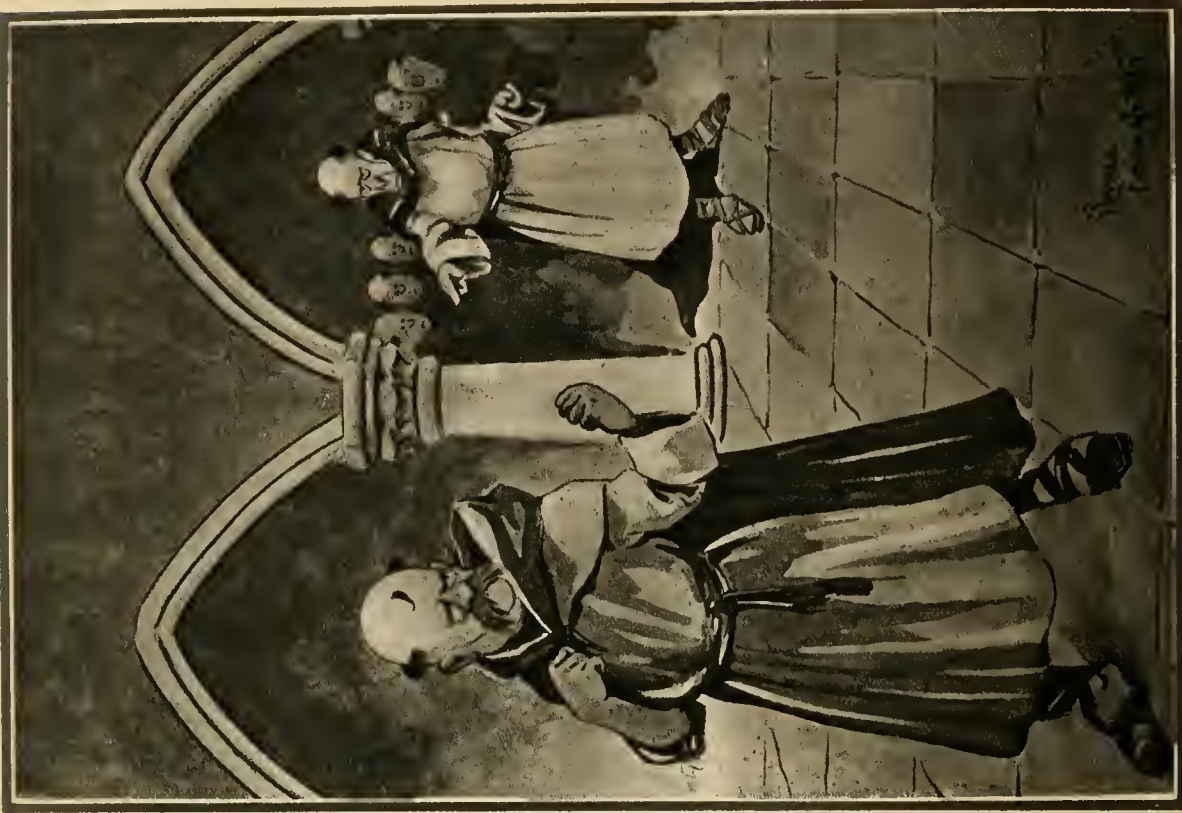


Bill and Bruce before Bannockburn

It is now almost conclusively proved that the persevering spider which encouraged King Robert Bruce was, really a property one, lowered in a friendly spirit by William MacBusby who had bought it in his last English raid in the Strand.



THE EVOLUTION OF OLD BILL (continued)



The Banning of Old Bill

In 1360, the monks of Grand Marnier, sworn to perpetual silence, ejected Brother Busby for muttering the early Saxon word "blinkin'" at the repetition of plum and apple jam in the refectory.



In Merry Sherwood Forest

Maid Marion, in her memoirs, frequently mentions the good-natured but untimely action of Archer Busby, Robin Hood's Company Sergeant Major



THE EVOLUTION OF OLD BILL (continued)



Old Bill as a Squire of Dames

"What an 'ell of a time Queens take to dress!" (Mary Queen of Scots wouldn't have stood an earthly of getting out of Loch Leven Castle if it had not been for "Good Master Busby.")



In Troublesome Tudor Times

"'Ow about Catharine What's-'er-Name's separation allowance, 'Enery?" (Cardinal Busby was undoubtedly an irritating thorn in Henry VIII's side)



### An Elizabethan Episode

It is still not quite clear whether it was Sir Walter Raleigh or one Sir William Busby who laid his cloak in the mud before Queen Elizabeth. The words "Ye blinkynge mudde," which appear on the back of this old print, make one lean towards the latter



### The Two Bills

The above is the only authentic portrait of the Bard of Avon holding converse with his next-door neighbour, Master William Busby. He is obviously reading him that sonnet "There was a young lady of Stratford."



### Old Bill at Boscobel

"This King will be the death of Me!" (The above woodcut supports the theory that it was one Busby and not Penderell who did assist Charles II to hide in an oak.)



THE EVOLUTION OF OLD BILL (continued)



### Old Bill on the "Bellerophon"

"Cheer up, old cock. Mark my words, a time will come when we shall wish we'd 'ad that — Blucher, 'ere instead of you!" (The above prophetic remark was made to the great Napoleon by a common sailor, one Bill Busby, A.B. The Busby family have a button off Napoleon's great-coat as a proof of this)



<p>1. Marcus Cheesse who by the death of a rich uncle has come into 50,000 potatoes. He is engaged to</p>  <p>featuring Richard Coleman</p>	<p>2. Marie Pichelhauber</p>  <p>featuring Sybil Meyvenc</p>	<p>7. Pichelhauber has mysteriously disappeared, but left a letter behind for Marie</p> 	<p>3. Their marriage is opposed by her father, Carl Pichelhauber, Resident of the (known to his friends as Boss Pichelhauber) Gas Pump</p>  <p>featuring Sapphires Ogden</p>
<p>10. He can't help thinking that</p>  <p>the last role of his battalion is not that he prefers to be</p>	<p>9. Marcus finds himself full of despair and plum &amp; apple, in the trenches</p> 	<p>4. Marcus gets a Commission</p> 	<p>8. It is in reality Marie Marie discloses herself to the General and tells him the whole story</p>  <p>The General immediately gives them both leave.</p>
<p>12. They leave for home in the HQ. Observation balloon.</p>  <p>And they get the Military very Cross</p>	<p>6. END OF PART 1 PART 2 WILL FOLLOW IMMEDIATELY</p>  <p>The Weiss Film Mfg Co Philadelphia, Penna; U.S.A.</p>	<p>5. But before separating for the night, he is a member of making the enemy.</p> 	<p>11. He can't help thinking that</p> 

# Captain Bairnsfather Releases—

"The Military Cross," a Pulsating Military Drama in Two Reels



Many a man has done this sort of  
thing in the middle of the night  
when nobody could be there to see  
and got nothing



And there's been many a man  
a hundred miles from the nearest  
noise, whom somebody could see  
who got the D.S.O.



### Those Medals

Sad, but true, and apparently unavoidable







# aiserisms



The Best Noose of the War  
If only . . . . but I suppose it's impossible



Someday, Somewhere, Somehow  
"The Big Four may be too blinkin' small to 'ang ye, but my pals won't be"

**£1000,000 A YEAR!**  
 Any money you like is yours

All the so called virtues, under which the World has lived peacefully for years, entirely removed within a few hours!!!

**BE A BOLSHEVIST**  
 And train for it *our way*



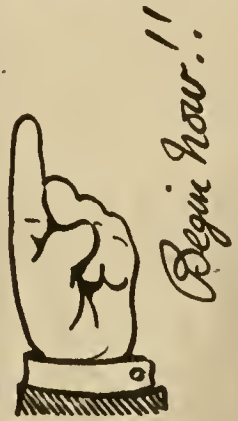
**IVAN ITCHIVITCH**

Author of "Money for Nothing"  
 "Discontent"  
 "Memoirs of a Matricide. etc. etc."

Day by day the supply of reasonable men with common sense is rapidly decreasing.  
**WHY DELAY ???**

Enrol today, and thereby ensure a steady downfall for yourself and family

**SEND FOR BOOKLET**



By way of stimulation we print the first lesson:-

Rise early, and with an automatic pistol, shoot the necks off a couple of Magnums of Heidsieck belonging to a neighbour. Drink contents. Set fire to the lindelum in the hall, and chase your youngest daughter upstairs. Having strapped her under the geyser in the bath room and turned the gas on, do your best to extract the contents of her money box with a pocket knife

YOU WILL BE SURPRISED at the speed with which you will turn your home into a welter of pain and degradation & pave the way to £1000,000 a year.

**Have You a Happy Home? Then This is the Very Thing!**

Extract from the advertisement pages of the Odessa "Daily Orgy"



# Bolshie Bits



This man is explaining in a few simple words that the Jugo Slavs (owing to the Local Bosnian Soviets being amalgamated with the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils) cannot possibly be associated with the Caecho Slovaks. Moreover, the whole tenets of the Bolshaville Meyers is to repudiate anything suggested by the Finnish Poles or even the Trans-Caucasian Ruthenians or Serbo Croats. And naturally, anyone with half an eye can see that Herzegovina can never be represented at the extreme Spartacus Left of any Reichstag or Delmatian Duma.

## Rumbles from the Rhine

"Yer know Bert, I reckon they ought to stop the sale of this 'ere Bolshevism and Cocaine"



The Interior of a Bolshevist Y.M.C.A. Hut. (They are very much in need of funds)



# Some Holiday



Prop

"Who's that bloke over there?"  
 "The Colonel wot asked about your"  
 "Well, go an' tell 'im that a feller in"

## On Arrival—A Slight Contretemps

This mistake is due to Maggie, who packed young Douglas's bathing suit instead of Bill's own



This . . . . After 6,000 Years



"Yes I love a round before my Plum & Apple"

"I had this built to my own design"

"And now I'm in my 2500 M"

## Actors at Home; No.

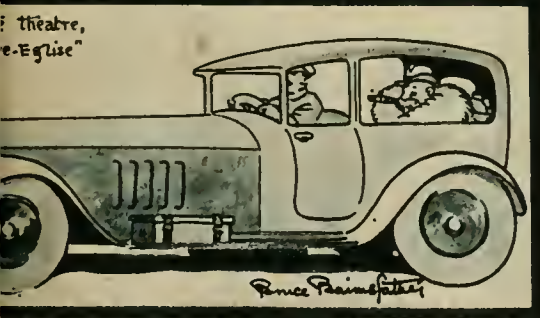
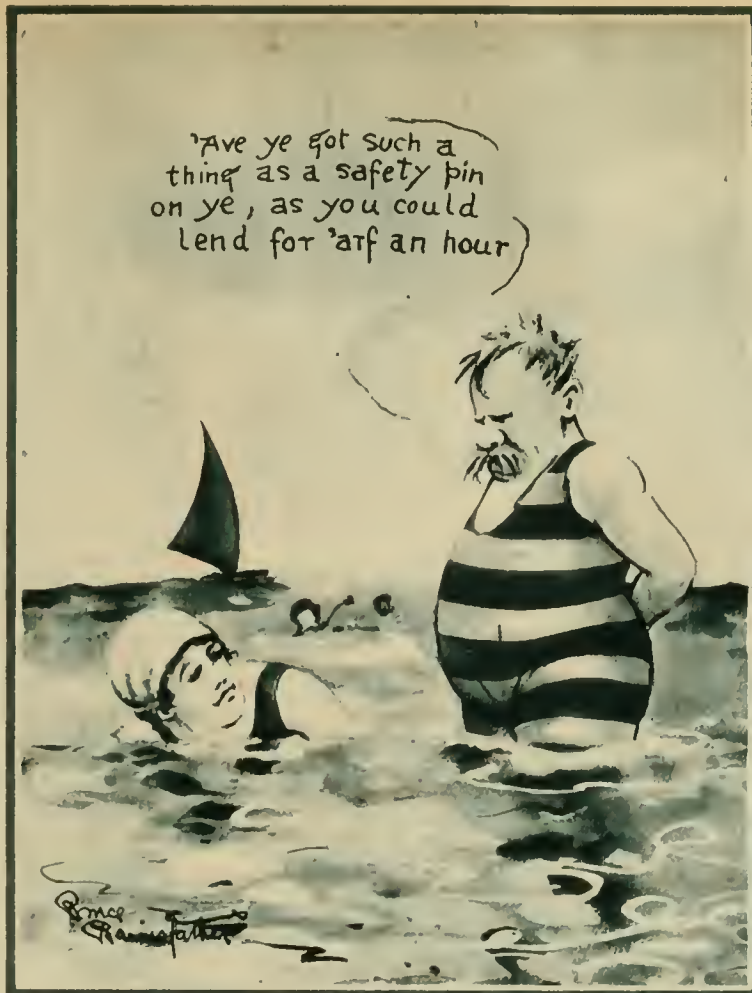
Being on short leave at present, and knowing well the Bill is now down at his quaint little cottage "Wipers" or leave terminates on the outbreak of the Bystander



# Fragments



side  
s mornin' "  
ior Service wants to speak to 'im "



nd only)—“ Old Bill ”  
of trying to act without a bungalow at Maidenhead, Old  
er. In the evenings he may be seen at the Oxford. His  
l. I was fortunate in getting the above interview

## Security for the Future

This little trouble was due to trying to get that last bit of wear out of his early 1914 bathing suit



En-Route in the Brightbourne Train  
Bill finds himself in a minority of one

# Flanders Night's Entertainments



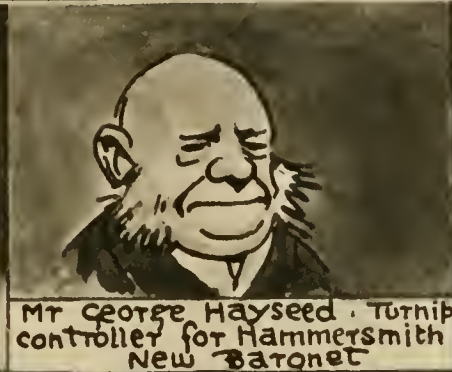
An amusing take-off of The Bystander Theatrical Artist, sent over by Captain Bairnsfather whilst in France



# British K-nights' Entertainments



Mr Plantagenet, K Ritz. Bought it as cheaply as possible  
New Viscount.



Mr George Hayseed, Turnip controller for Hammersmith  
New Baronet



Mr. Pushleigh Grabbe  
Private secretary to the South Devon Sewage Board (asked for it)  
New Knight.

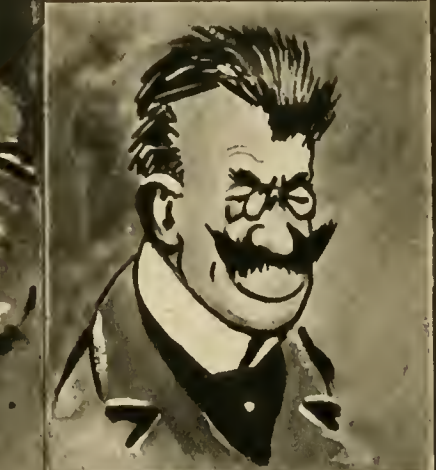


Mr. W. Jones. Three times Lord Mayor of Slopston-on-Slush  
New Baronet



*John Brainfatter*

Mr William Busby  
Member for North West Ypres. Represented the British Army for over four years. Free Pass (twice) Knight(ly)



Count Potassium P. Manganate. Travelled from London to Amsterdam once a week throughout the war  
New Baronet



Mr Hyde Parke (aren't refuse him)  
New Viscount



Professor Herman Carlburg  
The Great Scottish Scientist.  
New Knight.



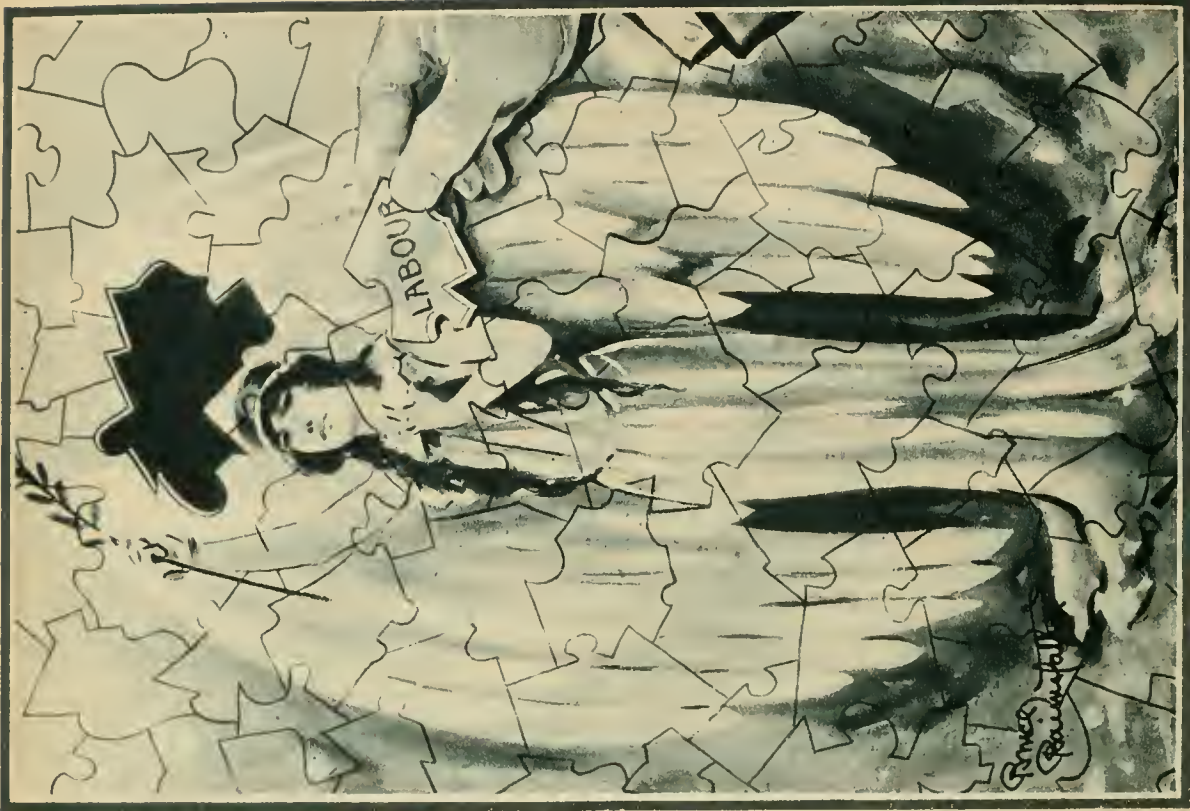
Mr Ephraim Reubenson cornered dog muzzles prior to outbreak of rabies. Endowed Home for himself with results.  
New Baron



Mr Redde-Knowes  
The Famous Comedian  
Now Viscount

By a regrettable oversight, the above names were omitted from the last Honours' List





### The Jig Saw Puzzle

It looks very much as though this piece will take a lot of fitting



### "Then Out Strode Bold Ol' Billius—"

War is an ugly business, but it wouldn't look half as bad if only we took a few tips from the ancients as regards costume.





### "Old Bill" Presides at the International "Preserves" Commission

An Amsterdam cable states that "Old Bill" is Acting President of the International Commission, which is sitting at the "Hotel Terrific," Paris. They are endeavouring to ascertain what Plum and Apple really was made of. They expect to arrive at a decision about September, 1930. Meanwhile, the cuisine at the "Terrific" leaves nothing to be desired





**How Some People Didn't See the War**  
 A good Lunch, then a 40 mile roll in a Rolls Royce (five miles from the nearest trench) prior to a return to the Meurice for Table d'Hôte.



**Old Billisation**  
 Old Bill got very severely checked the other day for anticipating demobilisation by wearing some mufti that he had had sent out to him





### The Limpoo of Limpoo Poland has Decided Not to Join the League of Nations

In fact, he was most Teutonic to a Commercial travelling in Doll's Eyes, Pickles and Fireworks the other day. This will, of course, necessitate a punitive expedition, but the trouble is, who will undertake it?





### At It Again

No! No! This is not another war or anything vulgar and done with like that, it's simply the League of Nations trying to get some of the Peace Terms fulfilled!





### Yet Another "Jazz" Victim!

Old Bill got through the War without a scratch. The above pathetic condition is due to an unfortunate misunderstanding with the floor of the Albert Hall on a recent festive occasion.

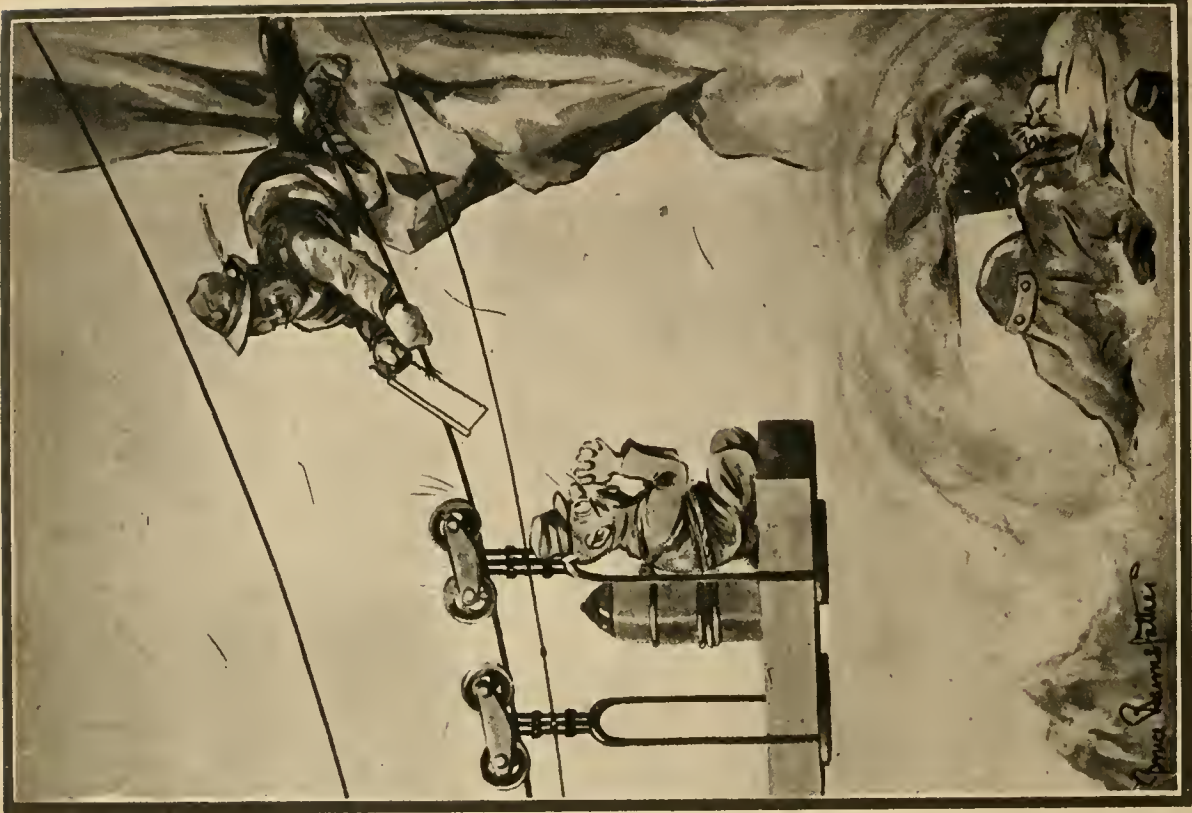


### A Fair "Knock-Out"

It is doubtful whether Old Bill really has the physique for a big contest. Last week, in the first of forty-five rounds, he was knocked out by a clerk in the Pay Department, thus losing a purse of five francs.



Colonel de Barrage Feels Convinced That Armour's the Thing Under Modern Conditions  
"Did you mend that puncture in his left hind leg, Smith?"



### A Visit to the Alpini

Herr Pickel Hauber (Professor of Frighthfulness), now on the Italian front, is greatly bothered by the constant recurrence of this dream.



### The Growth of Democracy

Colonel Sir Valtravers Plantagenet gladly accepts a light, during a slight lull in a barrage, from a Private in the Benin Rifles.





The War is bound to affect romantic fiction. Extract from a 19— Magazine story: "Raising her gas mask ever so slightly, he raided her mud-stained, crater-like mouth, with a barrage of kisses."



Whether it was that double Bovril at the Cottage Tea Rooms, or not, I don't know, but anyway I had a very trying experience with a tube of paint I accidentally trod on the other night.



Even a League of Nations cannot eradicate the effects of the last five years Colonel Sir Chutney Peperon, V.C., R.S.V.P., has decided to deal with the grouse at his Scottish Place really more scientifically this year



# BILLMANISM

1000,000 Enrolments in two days!?!  
(most of them roll out again)

Now that The World has become a vast and sticky mass of Strikes, Peace, Democracy and Table d'Hôte, have you ever asked yourself what BILLMANISM could do for you?

Why grovel before your employer and accept his tyrannical suggestion of a Three Hour Week, with treble wages, when "BILLMANISM" can make you & yours independent, and ruin him



Working hours just as



Salary quadrupled in a week

THE FOUNDER.



"There is no time like the day before yesterday"

## Write for our Booklet

### "BLIND BUT HAPPY"

which will show you exactly how and where to get our Little Blue Books, which (if not too blue) will show you how blue the outlook is, and how blue you have got to be to get on.

Think what a really efficient flow of language can mean to you in your business!!!!

To be able to swear with ease and precision for ten minutes, without using the same word twice is what we guarantee.

We can confidently foresee a Billmanized World!!!

After another couple, we can see a Billmanized Solar System.

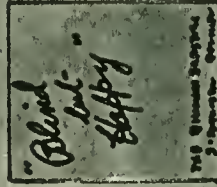
Only last week we enrolled a General in Siberia. He was very blue before our blue books reached him. Our fees have reached him since, so his total degree of blueness, can only fully be grasped by a Billmanist.

The first lesson deals with:— Vituperation, Damnation, — how allied to Indigestion — Imprecation.

Don't waste time on your own untrained vocabulary

Write at once to THE BILLMAN SUBSTITUTE

3. BUNKINSTRASSE.  
COLOGNE.



## Have You a C3 Liver?

If so, this is the very thing for you





Old Bill has always felt that there was something reminiscent of Bert about the way he got that nasty crack over the head from a tambourine at that little bit of a Séance they had the other night.



"Don't you get pullin' yer cigarette-card stuff off on me. What the 'ell do you know about 'istory? F'rinstance, I bet you don't know that Romeo and Juliette was brought up by a She Wolf."



### A Murmansk Murmur

Don't that make ye blinkin' well wild, Bert?



Mr Pussyfoot, in favour of drying up, and returning where all things are dry.



Mr Bela Trothun, in support of letting peace mean PEACE



*James  
Prinifather &*

M.P's, in favour of reduced salaries.



The Editor of the Bystander, in favour of paying artists twice as much, for half the work.

Strikes I'm Afraid We Won't See



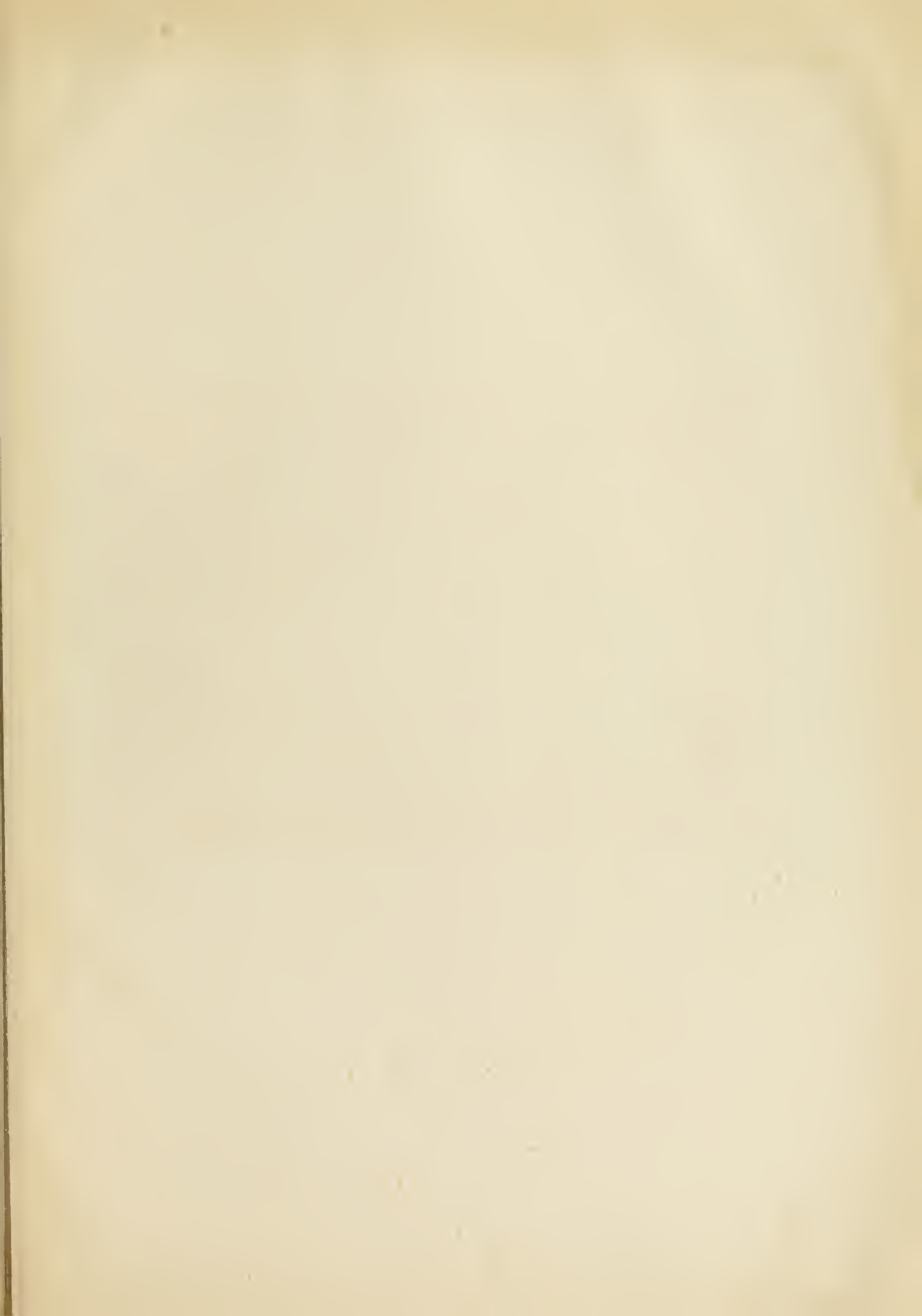


S'Peace!



Shadows in Whitehall















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